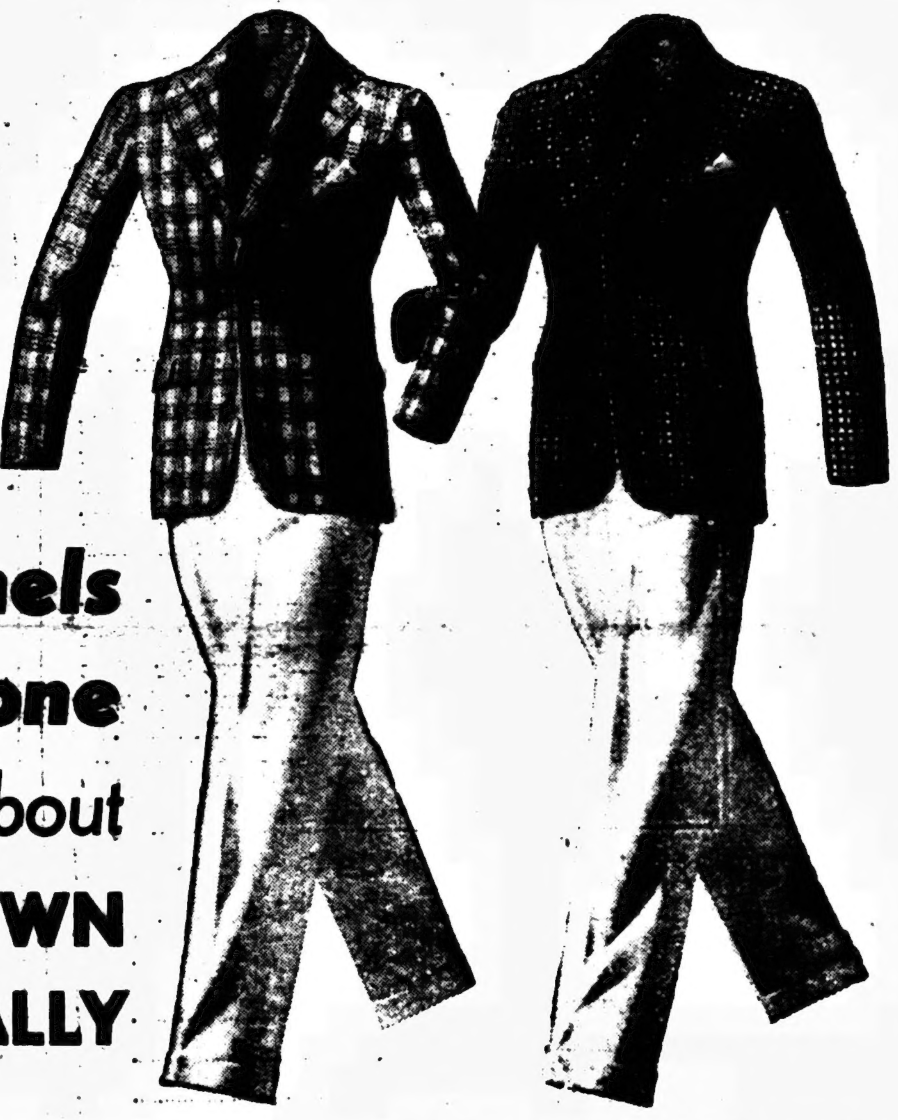
JOHN BULL, APRIL 8, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1399.

HURRY FOR £1:1:0 PRESENTATION INSIDE.

JOHN BULL



The day of stay-at-home flannels & sports jackets is gone

they're getting out and about

THEY'RE KNOWN SOCIALLY

"232" FLANNELS

THE "232" "FIVE LEG LAY MODEL" AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Two-three-two Flannel is taken a LAY at a time. Extra pairs could be cut from each lay by skimping the material—thus saving much cloth but making the trousers ill-fitting and cramped.

Equally—if less pairs were cut at a time from the LAY you would gain nothing—but your trousers would cost you more.

The "232" "FIVE LEG LAY MODEL" uses what our tailoring experience of over 90 years has taught us—just that quantity of material sufficient to ensure for you an economic but generous cut. It gives comfort and ease when bending, kneeling, gardening, at tennis, golfing, cycling, etc., and guarantees for you—ATHLETIC FREEDOM.

Not long ago, nothing more was asked of grey flannels and a sports coat than comfort. Appearance didn't matter. Their public appearances were few. To-day, these same garments move in wider circles. They are worn on an increasing number of occasions by an increasing number of men. *These men demand style.* They demand faultless cut . . . perfect tailoring. They demand "232's" for their flannels, the Sandom "Handycoat" for their jacket. "232's" and the "Handycoat" are the perfect ensemble for all those occasions that are informal, while still demanding absolute correctness of dress. They have *style*. You can see it in the easy "hang" of the trousers—the careful cut of the coat. They have *quality*. You can feel it in the cloth—prove it by the long and faithful wear they give. They give complete comfort, of course. And as for value—34/9 will give you a pair of these fine flannels *and* one of these excellent coats.

Your retailer will be glad to give you a copy of "232" and Sandom Booklet. Please ask him.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS"

Name of your nearest agent and booklet also obtainable from Manager, "232," 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.

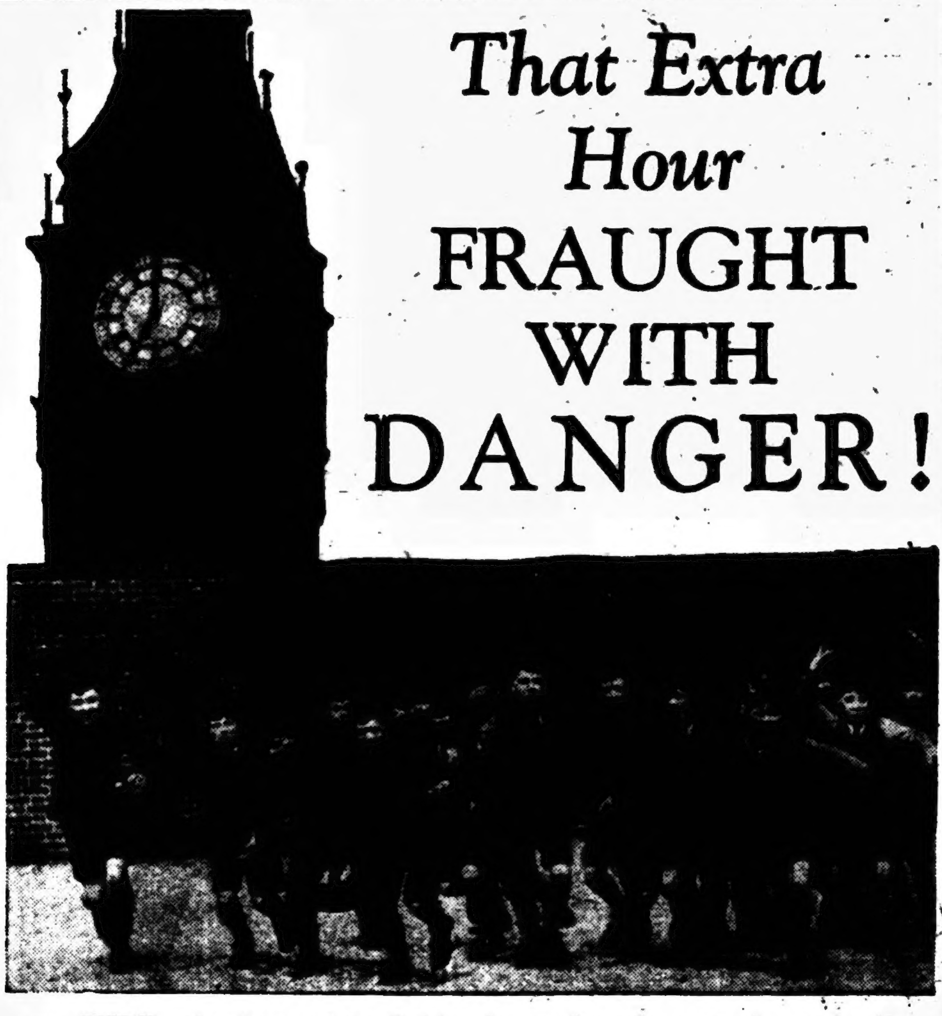
"232" GREY FLANNELS
4 FASHIONABLE SHADES
68 FITTINGS
13/9

&

The SANDOM "HANDYCOAT"
21/-
25/-
30/-

JUST FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE YOU SHOULD WEAR "232"

That Extra Hour FRAUGHT WITH DANGER!



EVERY extra hour of daylight means an extra hour when your kiddies are out of your sight—romping in the playground; playing games in the street, climbing fences, swinging, running, jumping, with no thought for the slip that may mean a broken limb.

JOHN BULL has dispatched thousands of cheques to parents whose children have been injured at play in parks, playgrounds or in the home or garden.

In addition to providing benefits for Children's Accidents, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover you against Fire—the ONLY paper to provide benefit for Storms, Flood and Sickness.

You owe it to yourself and your family to sign the Registration Forms below — remember One Registration covers husband, wife *and* the children. DO IT NOW.

AGAINST FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address ....

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.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 8/4/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address ....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

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.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 8/4/33

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CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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10/- VALUE FOR 2/6

TRIPLE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

These fine shoes fit like a glove and mould themselves to the feet. Smartly finished with high gloss, solid rubber heels. Soles and uppers exactly resembling good patent leather, but infinitely more comfortable. Sizes 3 to 11.

See the Sole—

2/6 PER PAIR. Postage 6d. ex., or C.O.D.

Also sizes 11 to 1 for Children.

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8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

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SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.

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Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

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Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

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FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with each order!

Just the thing for wear in the house or garden. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance, but infinitely more comfortable. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.

Sizes 3 to 7, PER PAIR

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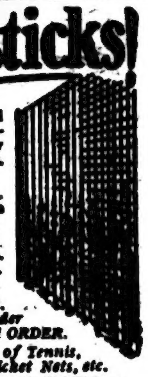
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 41

Better than sticks!



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Prices per doz. yards.

2ft.	4ft.	6ft.	9ft. high
1/6	2/-	2/6	3/6

Extra heavy Cotton. 6-in. mesh, steam tarred. The very best—

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WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

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this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep **4/11** 11 ins. deep **5/11**

Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

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Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women.

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Carriage and Packing England & Wales 2/6.

Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List 7.

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Useful as Wireless or Gramophone Cabinet, Smoker's or Bedside Cupboard. Two shelves and a large drawer 30 in. h., 16 in. w., 14 in. d. Polished rich Brown. Oxidised fittings. *Carriage and Packing England & Wales 2/6.* Cheques, Reg. Letters or Cross P.O.s (no Stamps), to:— **15/-**

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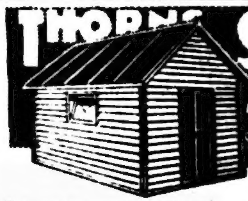

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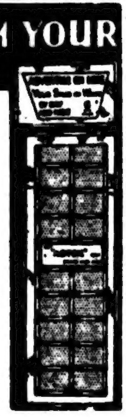

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Strongly made with extra stout soles, heels and supple uppers of hard-wearing rubber and warm canvas-duck lining. Note triple-fold tongue, metal eyelets and reinforcements. Water cannot penetrate them!

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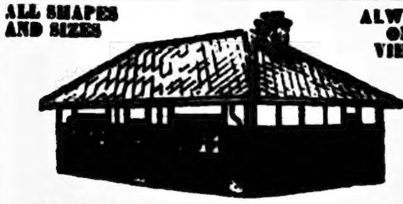
ALL SHAPES AND SIZES ALWAYS ON VIEW



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Fashion's Latest Style. Special Offer of delightful Model Frocks in exquisite Art Weave Elephant Crepe, Skilfully cut with Crossover Bow, Finished Collar, Elbow Puff Sleeves, Full Belt trimmed Slide. The skirt has full flare from yoke and is cut on ample lines. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Beige, Nigger and Black.

NOTE OUR FREE OFFER. Every purchaser has, Free of Charge, 1 pair of our 12/11 Ladies' Black Patent Leather Shoes, all sizes 2 to 8, as illustrated.

Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 12/11 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 12/6 only. All sizes and lengths. X.O.S. sizes 1/6 extra.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed or Deposit Refunded.

J A DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B. 10
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

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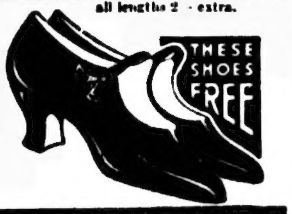

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Charming Model produced in Fine Quality Ribbed Flecked Tweed, up-to-date Style with wide revers and deep collar having broad stitched finish; smart sleeves, button trimmed; all-round belt with buckle. Splendidly tailored and lined throughout with Art Silk to tone. Shades: Navy, Nut Brown, Bottle Green, Black.

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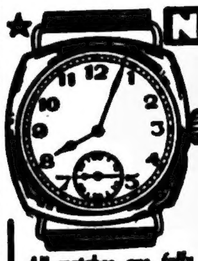

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£3:10:0 value for 27/6!

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LADY'S WATCH. Same jewelled accurate movement. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE and fancy dial, moire silk band. Wonderful value, 26/6. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line, only few left, 18-carat Gold-cased with moire band, 35/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 & 1/6 fortnightly, 2/- discount Cash in 7 days. *Write for Cat.*

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Be stronger than ever—CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY under the

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of its kind. No matter what you have tried, let me send it to you on

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Fine Willow Oxford Shoe, solid leather through middle sole, stitched for strength, with extra thick soles and heels of CREPE RUBBER (almost indestructible). Extremely comfortable, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general wear. Outlast 3 pairs at double the price! BLACK OR BROWN. Superior Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with every order!

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Super Quality 2/- extra. Sizes 2 to 5, 4/9. Sizes 11 to 1, 4/- *By post, 6d. ext. or C.O.D.*

With Stout Leather Soles and Heels, 1/- extra.

Also Ladies' one bar, or Monk Brogue, 5/11, plus post.

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3-piece SUITE in REAL COWHIDE!

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A truly Amazing Bargain.

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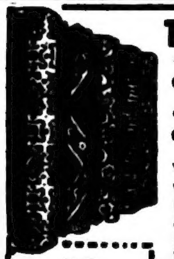
Testimonials Talk



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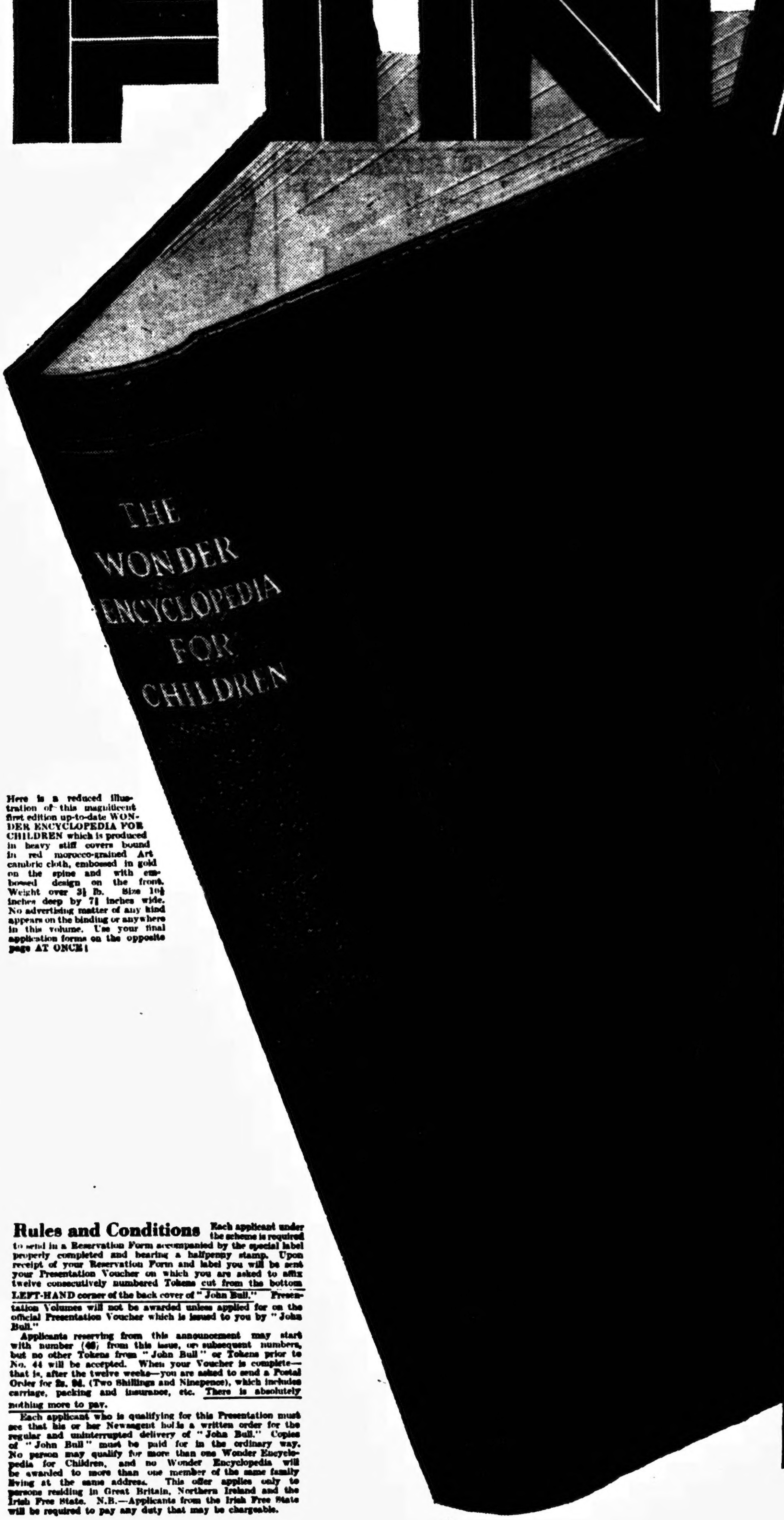
FINAL



A HANDSOME SURPRISE

Every reader who accepts this great final opportunity and whose Reservation is received by not later than first post Thursday, April 13th, will be sent details of a splendid extra "Surprise" Gift which "John Bull" has planned in connection with this great Presentation. Hurry! Use your final application forms at once! Look out for the envelope marked "Surprise."

Here is a reduced illustration of this magnificent first edition up-to-date WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN which is produced in heavy stiff covers bound in red morocco-grained Art cambric cloth, embossed in gold on the spine and with embossed design on the front. Weight over 3½ lb. Size 10¼ inches deep by 7¾ inches wide. No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or anywhere in this volume. Use your final application forms on the opposite page AT ONCE!

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Size 10¼ inches deep by 7¾ inches wide.
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Each applicant under the scheme is required to send in a Reservation Form accompanied by the special label properly completed and bearing a halfpenny stamp. Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and label you will be sent your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix twelve consecutively numbered Tokens cut from the bottom LEFT-HAND corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Presentation Volumes will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Presentation Voucher which is issued to you by "John Bull."

Applicants reserving from this announcement may start with number (46) from this issue, or subsequent numbers, but no other Tokens from "John Bull" or Tokens prior to No. 44 will be accepted. When your Voucher is complete—that is, after the twelve weeks—you are asked to send a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. (Two Shillings and Ninepence), which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. There is absolutely nothing more to pay.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. No person may qualify for more than one Wonder Encyclopedia for Children, and no Wonder Encyclopedia will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

OPPORTUNITY

to secure "John Bull's" Sensational £1·1·0 PRESENTATION

The WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN

THIS is positively your final opportunity to secure the greatest £1 1s. 0d. Presentation Volume that "John Bull" has ever offered — this mighty, entirely new WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN—the only work of its kind in the world—a work that is obtainable nowhere else. Unless your application is received by not later than first post Thursday, April 13th, it will be too late! This is the last time this popular Presentation will be announced. Use the forms below to-day, or if you have already applied, do a friend a good turn by calling attention to this great Presentation. Hurry! Act at once!

The colossal Edition of this entirely new and original work—specially prepared for "John Bull" readers—is costing over £50,000. The introduction, written by Dr. Cyril Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow, gives it the seal of authority. Here in over 760 large pages is the wondrous story of all times and things—more than 300,000 words in *large clear type*—millions of facts—nearly 1,200 marvellous illustrations on beautiful glazed paper—the only up-to-date single volume work of its kind ever devised for children!

An "Open Sesame" to a Myriad Treasures

This unparalleled work is the "Open Sesame" to the enthralling story of the universe and all that it holds and means. *It takes the children on a never-ending voyage of discovery into dazzling wonderlands of knowledge.* The mysteries of the heavens—marvels of animal life—secrets of Nature—progress and achievements of mankind—things to make and do—all about hobbies and pets—here in simple words and vivid pictures is the most fascinating array of knowledge ever assembled in one volume.

Get this great work for your children *now*, while there is yet time, and give them every possible chance in life. It paves the way to success—broadening the mind and adding new interest to life.

Produced for lifetime service in heavy stiff covers bound in red morocco-grained Art cambric cloth, decorated in gold on the spine and bearing an embossed design on the front, the volume has burnished dustproof top edges, a beautiful frontispiece in colours, a title page, and end-papers specially designed for children by a famous artist. The actual size is 10½ inches deep by 7¾ inches wide. It weighs over 3¼ lb.

All You Have to Do

First read the simple conditions on the left, then post without delay Form "A" together with the label to "John Bull." On receipt of Form "A" with label attached bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will receive your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix Tokens cut from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back covers of 12 successive issues of "John Bull." You may commence with the Token (No. 46) from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue. As soon as your voucher is despatched to you arrangements will be made for your Presentation volume to be specially set aside and reserved in your name.

In addition, it is a condition of this offer that if your newsagent has not already received from you a written order to deliver "John Bull" every week, you should hand Form "B" to him at once.

Closing First Post, Thursday, April 13th.

ACT INSTANTLY! This unparalleled offer positively closes first post Thursday, April 13th. Use the final application forms below at once.

A Surprise Gift For You!

Here is something you must not miss! To all those whose applications are received in response to this announcement "John Bull" is enclosing an envelope marked "Surprise." If you would like to share in a really special distribution of handsome Surprise Gifts, see that your application is received by not later than Thursday, April 13th. This is your final opportunity! Hurry!

The intriguing questions below are representative of the thousands which this great work answers.

HAROLD: Why don't we feel the earth spinning round?

ALAN: How are newspapers printed?

PEGGY: Is a whale a fish?

PATRICIA: How are photographs made?

RALPH: How does the telephone work?

FREDA: Why is a policeman called a 'Bobby'?

ROSE: Why have most flowers got a perfume?

DAVID: How far can we see?

JOAN: Where do cold winds come from?

DON: How can an iron ship float?

MARJORIE: Who built the Great Pyramid?

DORIS: Was Robinson Crusoe a real person?

KENNETH: Why can we float on water?

MATT: Why are chestnut buds sticky?

GUY: How did the world begin?

URSULA: How does a vacuum cleaner work?

UNCLE: "I wish I'd had a book like this when I was young. It'll help Mary's boy tremendously."

AUNT: "Oh! Don't you know about it? It's the most wonderful book for every child."

BROTHER: "Young Jimmy will learn *without knowing it* when he gets this fine volume. And won't he love the pictures!"

SISTER: "I'm getting it for Babs, of course. I don't think anyone ought to miss such an opportunity."

GRANDAD: "What a treasure-house of knowledge for a young mind! I must get a copy for Jack's boy."

GRANDMA: "I must get it for Tommy and Babs—there's not another book like it in the world!"

Apply for your Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children" Voucher To-day. Complete Form "A" and send it together with label.

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....

County ....

A

POST AT ONCE!

Final Reservation Form

This Form must be received by "John Bull" not later than

FIRST POST THURSDAY APRIL 13

TO "John Bull," Dept. J.3,
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

N.B.—Applicants must complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR name and full postal address.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a £1 1s. Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children." Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My Newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature ....

Reader's Name ....
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Address ....

....

Name of Newsagent ....

Address ....

Leave Blank

Checked and Verified.

Date .... District Supervisor.

IMPORTANT.—The £1 1s. "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children" cannot be reserved in your name unless you complete label on left as directed and send it in together with this Form A. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Please do NOT enclose any cash or other Correspondence. J.B., 8/4/33.

IMPORTANT If your Newsagent has NOT a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull" you MUST hand him the Order Form below.

B

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

2d. **JOHN BULL** Weekly

ORDER FORM

To Mr. ....(Newsagent)

Address ....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

Date..............................

HURRY! THIS IS YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY—USE THE FORMS ABOVE NOW!!

It's easy to be well dressed FREE . . when you smoke Black Cat

TENNIS SHIRT

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Sports neck model. From Horrockes Mercerised cream poplin.

Sizes:
Neckband: — 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½. Please state neckband required.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 200 coupons

MEN'S CABLE STITCH WOOLLEN SLIP-OVER

A 'Cambridge' Quality Production

Conforms to the latest idea in Sports Wear. It leaves the arms free and is a great favourite with Sportsmen. In grey and maroon. In sizes — Chest 34", 36", 38", 40".
Please state chest measurement over waistcoat.
Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 55 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 275 coupons

FLANNEL TROUSERS

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

British-made. Fully cut on best West End principal. Obtainable in 39 fittings. NOW INCLUDING YOUTHS. Be sure to state whether FASHIONABLE SILVER or MEDIUM GREY shade required, and give WAIST and INSIDE LEG measurements.

Inside Leg	Waist								
25 ins.	26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26 ins.	26"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27 ins.	26"	28"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

Youths' Sizes (shown in light figures above) now available.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=200 coupons . . .

SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no vent. EXCLUSIVE patterns in BROWN check or GREY check.

Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".

(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over jacket). Please state size and shade required.

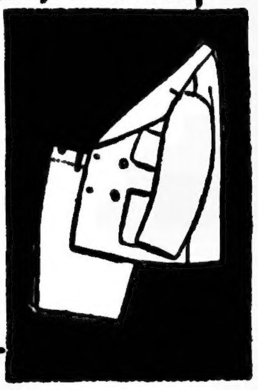
FREE for smoking only 120 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=600 coupons . .

FLANNEL SUIT For Boys . . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Well cut jacket and double seated shorts, in medium grey flannel, sizes 000 to 9. State size required and chest measurement.

FREE for smoking only 60 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 300 coupons.

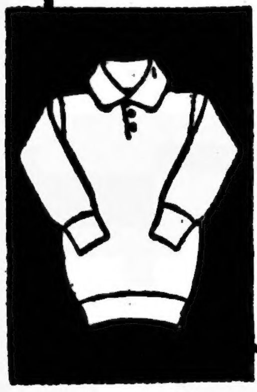


BOYS' WOOLLEN JERSEY . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown, saxe blue or scarlet. Available in sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 30 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 150 coupons.



We strive to achieve a happy balance of sound value — good cigarettes and good gifts. For twenty-eight years our policy has been value to the public and this policy has stood the test of public approval.

smoke **Black Cat**

THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY' CIGARETTE

for the finest gifts!

Write for Gift Book and a 'start-off' of 5 FREE coupons to: Black Cat 'Gifts Dept.' 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

REMEMBER THERE ARE 5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND!

JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 8/4/33.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,
he Week ending Satur-
ay, April 3. 1933. Two-
ence. Registered at the
G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage: Inland and
Canada, 1d.; all other
arts of the world, 1½d.
3, LONG ACRE, LONDON,
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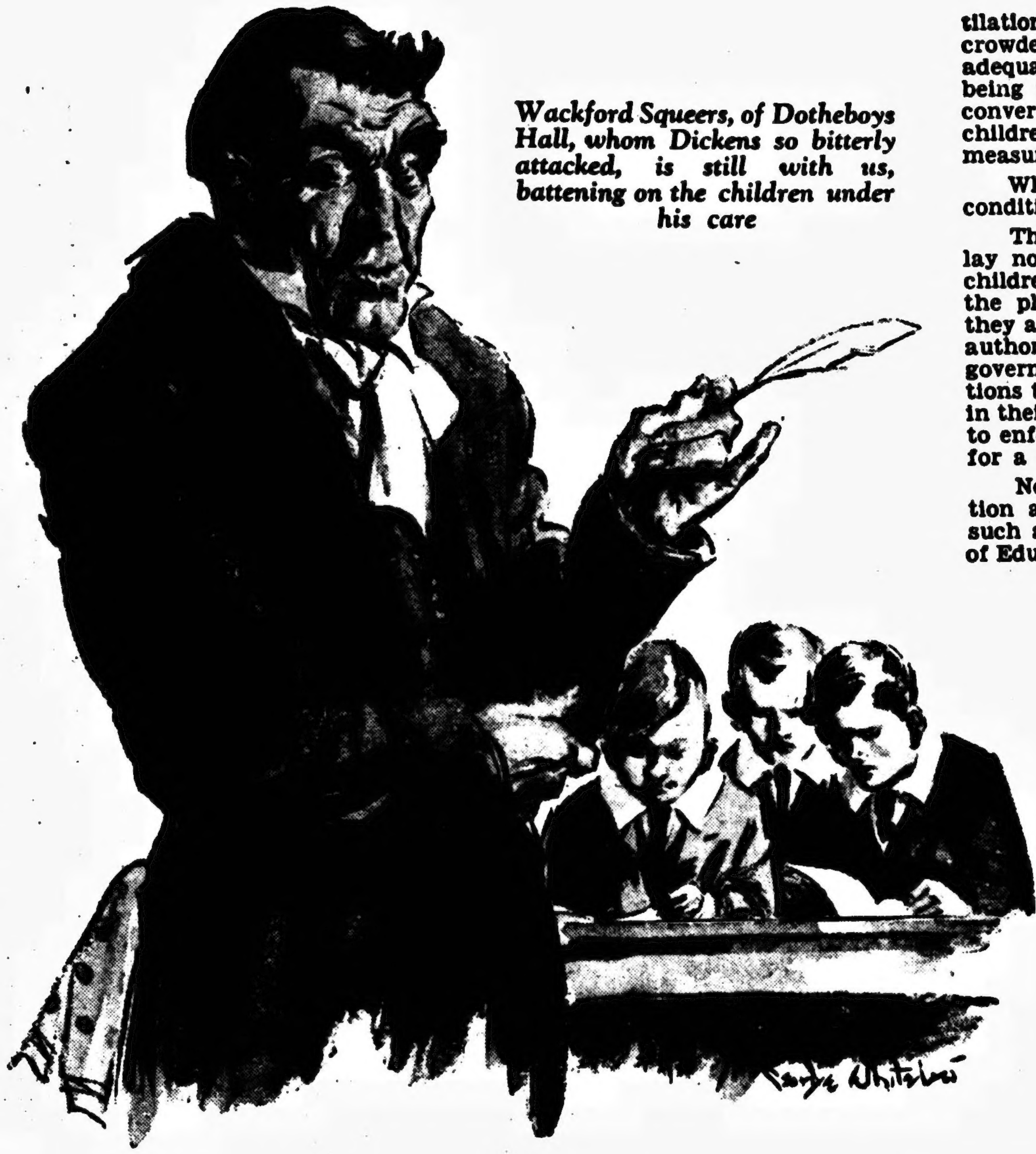
EVIL SCHOOLS



Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, whom Dickens so bitterly attacked, is still with us, battening on the children under his care

THERE is one blot that should immediately be wiped off the educational slate of this country.

For, until it s, thousands of our private chools can be so private hat anybody, however undesirable, can open and run hem; and any boy or girl an be taught by grossly nefficient methods, injured n health and even debased n morals, without it being ithin the power of the uthorities to do anything o prevent it.

The reason is that there little or no public conrol of private schools in ngland which are not in eceipt of Government rants.

Out of some 10,000 priate schools only about 1,300 ave been inspected by the oard of Education for arious purposes, and only 00 are under periodical inpection. A further 1,000 ere inspected by local ducation authorities after e Act of 1918, but scarcely ny of these have been re-inspected.

The truth is that the great majority of private chools work completely in the dark.

LOCAL educational authorities have no right of entry to satisfy themselves that these schools are being properly run, and, athough some ,000 of them submitted certain information to e Board of Education in 1919, they were not reuired to do so again, so that the Board has no eans whatever of keeping its information up to ate.

The Departmental Committee on Private chools some time ago issued a report which owed that the whole situation is highly unsatisctory. It found that although there are many xcellent private schools, many are seriously inficient, and some are so defective that they are kely to injure their pupils in mind and body.

The evil is thus officially admitted and conemned. And yet the Government has just nnounced that, for the present at any rate, no gislation will be introduced to deal with it. hat, we say, is a monstrous decision and it should reversed without delay.

The present bad times and the absence of oper control of most of these schools set a emium on inefficiency. Cut-throat competion tends to keep fees so low that proprietors will ot take the risk of securing good premises and ompetent staffs.

Well-qualified teachers, proper school equipent and suitable premises are all expensive items, and, if the school fails, the outlay represents almost a dead loss. That is why many prospective headmasters consider it safer to set up a school in a private house, provided with the barest essentials in desks and books, and staffed with one or two wholly unqualified teachers.

The Departmental Committee found many glaring examples of such schools.

In one, which charged one shilling to half-a-crown a week, seventeen children were learning their lessons in a kitchen measuring eight feet by twelve feet. The younger ones were waiting their turn for seats on an assortment of stools and chairs. The window was closed and wedged with paper. Four children were playing in the scullery, only eight feet square, and both rooms were cluttered up with furniture and litter.

IN another school seven children sat in a room about ten feet square, with the window closed, and only five text-books among them. To reach the lavatory they had to pass through a kitchen which was also a bedroom. The fees were one shilling and sixpence a week.

The Society of Medical Officers of Health has made special enquiries in certain selected areas, and, in about a quarter of the cases investigated, found that the schools were carried on under conditions which could only be described as bad.

The artificial lighting was defective, the ventilation insufficient, the rooms overcrowded and the washing facilities inadequate. In one instance pupils were being taught in a small overcrowded converted cellar; in another, twenty children attended classes in a bedroom measuring thirteen feet square.

Why, it may well be asked, are such conditions allowed to exist?

The fact is that the Education Acts lay no obligations on the parents of children at non-aided schools as to the physical conditions under which they are taught. Nor can the sanitary authorities do much about it. They are governed by the worst housing conditions they find it necessary to tolerate in their districts, and they cannot hope to enforce legally any higher standard for a school.

No wonder, then, that the education at inferior private schools is of such a low order that the Association of Education Committees believes there are many such schools throughout the country that ought to be closed immediately.

MANY of these schools make little or no attempt to teach anything more than reading, writing and arithmetic. There is no effort to plan the work of the school as a whole, and the entire curriculum is a blind following of outworn tradition.

One witness before the Departmental Committee said that of forty-seven children examined he found that thirty-seven were set back approximately two years by faulty education.

Cases of cruelty and immorality, of course, rarely come to light, because both the parents and the school are anxious to avoid public scandal, and teachers are usually unwilling to come forward as witnesses, fearing to lose their chances of obtaining further employment.

Certainly most boarding schools are open to investigation, and the headmasters keep in close touch with the parents. But there are others at which visits of parents are discouraged, letters censored, and all real knowledge of the conduct of the school kept a close secret.

The possibility of physical, mental and moral harm to boys and girls at schools of this kind can hardly be exaggerated. Parents should realise that no headmaster who has nothing to conceal is likely to object to giving them every reasonable opportunity of satisfying themselves that his school is properly conducted.

There are no fewer than 6,200 private schools that have never offered themselves for inspection, and, according to expert evidence, more than 10 per cent. in certain areas are extremely unsatisfactory. Such facts leave no doubt that dangerous opportunities exist for inefficient or degenerate persons who for one reason or another decide to take up schoolmastering.

We say that every parent has the right to be protected from schools that are open to suspicion. Such schools should be brought under public control, and, where necessary, closed compulsorily.

They should be open to inspection, and their proprietors should be obliged to supply reasonable information when required, and compelled to keep this information up to date by annual returns.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Show Our Criminal Aliens the Door

A Disgrace to Parliament

Moral of the Girl-Mother

Our alien crooks should get the boot, not the "dole"

SWEEP out the alien crooks!

More and more of these undesirables are entering Britain every year and helping to swell the ranks of crime.

What is equally disquieting is that police vigilance in the matter is often thwarted by the inaction of higher authorities.

A glaring instance of that has just come to light in the case of Joseph Stupenska, a young Polish Communist.

In 1927 and again in 1931 he was sent to prison and on the latter occasion recommended for deportation. But instead of being deported he was merely warned to leave the country.

On our "dole"

No, he didn't go. He just ignored the warning—and not only stayed here, but had the impudence to draw 15s. 3d. a week unemployment benefit as well!

And last week he was sentenced at Brighton to two months' lard labour for theft and breaking the aliens' regulations.

"We very strongly recommend your deportation now, and hope the authorities will take a serious view of our recommendation," the chairman of the Bench told him.

We should hope so, too.

Is it fair?

The Home Secretary has power to order the immediate deportation of any undesirable alien even without police-court proceedings.

Why is that power not used more often?

The taxpayer has to foot a heavy bill for the fraudulent operations of alien crooks in our midst, for tracking them down, prosecuting them, and keeping them in jail.

Apparently he even has to keep some of them on the "dole," though there are thousands of decent, honest Britons who can get no relief when out of work.

Now, Sir John Gilmour, is that fair?

M.P.s in disgrace

What do some of our M.P.s think they receive their £360 a year for?

Only twenty-two out of the 615 of them were doing their job in the House of Commons when Mr. Hall Caine moved the second reading of his Bill for the suppression of motor-car bandits.

And it needed forty for a quorum. So this measure, which deals with one of the worst public menaces of the day, affecting the lives of every one of us, was "counted out."

Mark it urgent

Yet, instead of being shelved, the Bill should have been treated as one of urgency. That is why we are glad Mr. Hall Caine has announced his intention of sticking to his guns and re-introducing it at the first opportunity.

Meanwhile, we may be sure, the bandits will stick to their guns and there will be no cessation of their activities.

Worse and worse

Meanwhile, too, we hope our delinquent M.P.s will wake up to the fact that the bandit evil is so rampant that within a few hours no fewer than four women were held up and robbed in North London the other day. While, in broad daylight, motor-bandits who made a £12,000 jewel haul in Mayfair drove on to the pavement and injured two women.

And not only our streets, but our very homes are now not safe from the depredations of the latest species of gunman.

So what about it, M.P.s?

Good and bad

The outcry from thousands of tenants who are to have their rents raised under the new Rent Bill has made the Government retreat one step. The operation of the measure has been postponed till September.

Some parts of the Bill are good. But the section that throws 500,000 householders on the mercy of the landlords is bad and should be altered.

Reprieved—at last

So the girl-mother has been reprieved.

Everyone knew she would be, but everyone must have been shocked that she was forced to spend thirteen days in the condemned cell before the Home Secretary acted.

Now she is to be kept in penal servitude for life—at a great cost to the taxpayers.

What a commentary on our obsolete penal system!

The wrong way

We all know that human life must be protected and that those who destroy it must be severely dealt with. But the evidence showed that this eighteen-year-old girl, Elizabeth Humphreys, of Stoke-on-Trent, who drowned her illegitimate child, was a case for medical treatment rather than prison.

And surely some effort should be made to turn her and others like her into decent citizens instead of merely shutting them up for fifteen or twenty years!

Even a great prison authority has admitted that the present prison system has failed. When will it be reformed?

Well done, Mr. Mayor!

If Alderman Allison isn't one of the most popular mayors Stockton has ever had—well, he deserves to be.

When opening the new premises of a tailoring firm, the managing director offered to measure him for a suit. The mayor promptly walked into the street, brought back the first unemployed man he met, and transferred the offer to him.

The man's obvious gratification was the mayor's reward, but let us all congratulate him on the way he earned it.

Cheap labour

In twenty-eight British ships plying in the Mediterranean there were found to be only seven British officers and wireless operators.

Yet there are more than 2,000 British officers vainly looking for work.

In scores of other ships Lascars and others who are willing to work for low wages have ousted British seamen.

We know that shipowners have been badly hit by the trade depression. But they would get more of our sympathy if they "employed British."

What a nerve!

The Leeds Stipendiary has had the unusual experience of ordering a woman to pay for her husband's support. We hope it remains unusual. The husband was in hospital and costing the ratepayers 30s. a week. His wife was drawing half his wages—more than 30s.—8s. National Insurance benefit, three members of the family brought in £4 11s. a week, and there was a nest-egg of £300 in a building society.

Yet she had to be summoned to pay for her husband's keep in hospital. What a nerve!

The cruellist of jilters

A cook-general has just brought an action for breach of promise. It was stated that she had a child by the man she sued, that she afterwards found he was married, that later his wife died and that still he did not keep the alleged promise of marriage.

The cook-general was awarded £200 damages. The newspapers did not publish her name, and we are glad they didn't. But they did publish the man's name.

It is Thomas King, and he is a baker of Stonhouse Street, Clapham, London.

Common-sense

Sheffield unemployed have a football league of twenty-four teams. The winners are to receive—no, not medals, but clothes and boots.

A sensible head at work there!

Those footballers will play more keenly for something they really need than for medals which can never possess more than a sentimental value.

Railway spies

Railway companies have got their spies out against those employers who make their long-distance lorry drivers exceed the speed limit.

One night a week these private "speed cops" patrol main roads and send a list of the lorries found speeding to the local chief constable.

But if prosecutions are made we hope it is the employers and not the drivers who are put in the dock.

This week's hero

It is an honour for us to introduce you to Mr. Thomas Finney, of Salford.

After seven years' absence through injury he returned to work the other day against his doctor's orders. On his way home he saw a man drowning in the river.

His workmates tried to restrain him, but he dived in to the rescue and kept the man afloat for ten minutes, despite his struggles, until a barge came to their help. Well done, Mr. Finney!

Whitewash

Three children of one family lost their lives because one of them was sent home from the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital ill with diphtheria. It was known at the hospital, when the child was discharged, that it
were septic.

Such was the terrib
scribed six weeks a
speeches whitewashing
ministration by peop
know little about the g
has been done.

Wherever guilt lies
case, it must be fixed
tigation and the prod
evidence.

Explosion perils

The explosion in the
cal factory last week
claimed a very heavy
injured.

We know that such
quently and rigorou
Government experts a
seldom occur. But we
why so many are allow
midst of closely po
They should, at any
from neighbouring
spaces.

We don't want an
disaster.

Where can he g

John Samuel Scho
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made an ejectment o
No wonder!

He said he had tw
wife was ill, and he wa
awaiting an operation.
get a house, but co
under £1 a week, an
that from the public
The Bench sympath
house was unsafe and
Yes, but Southend Cou
another one—quickly.

Thieving mother

A Manchester wo
children has just go
three months. But it
it sounds.

For the woman, Mrs
shoplifting in a Man
took her young daug

Such parents are un
of their children.

All dressed up

We don't begrudge
the £581,497 they wi
Grand National "swe
Valera is pleased to re

Nor can we stop the
from deducting £193,
But we can't see the
of the other expense

Why, for instance,
girl assistants dress
costume? Irish linen
more appropriate—an

Every ten-shilling c
a third of its value
reached the drum. A
much.

More haste—

Government depart
ing in haste and thin
the public expense.

The Post Office wa
Elgin, Scotland, for a
change. The educa
officials who occupied
bundled out.

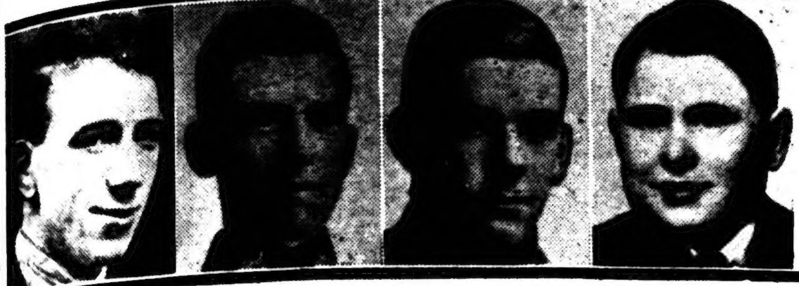
That was last July
still empty, rates have
it, and the displaced
ing higher rent for th
dation.

Much too chea

Cruelty is still che
That has been sai
but just read the fo

Charles Hancock,
confined a goldfinch
of 7½ inches in a cag
5 inches. The bird
linnets into a net.

The Mansfield mag
acted very cruelly a
fine of £25. So they



Tommy Noble Andrew Waddell Kitchener Sparkes George Hibbett

FROM a world champion boxer to school children—eight of the many victims of the mental deficiency administration, whose cases have been dealt with lately by "John Bull"

Thomas Hardy William McKenna Edna May Cox Thomas Crompton

Shielding the KIDNAPPERS

by Sir Percival BOWER,

former Lord Mayor of Birmingham and Member of the Ray Economy Committee

NINE months ago I was called upon in the rôle of specialist to diagnose and recommend treatment for an urgent case of sickness. Thirteen other experts, all men actively engaged in the study of the malady and in daily touch with its problems, were assembled with me in the sick-room. Our summons came from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The patient was the ratepayer.

We were required to lighten his burden of financial pain by devising permanent measures which could be carried out without detriment to his vitality and with positive advantage to his future efficiency. We became known as the Ray Committee.

Following our survey, we found means by which this could be achieved, and showed also how the patient could, with reasonable good will, have his load lessened by about £35,000,000 yearly. We have waited since then to hear what the Ministerial relatives of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have to say regarding our recommendations.

The Minister of Health, Sir Hilton Young, has led off with his reply, which he gives in a circular just issued to local authorities under the guise of "discriminating official guidance."

The guidance which he offers in one particular and most important respect has come as a shock to me, and, no doubt, will have a similar effect not only upon my colleagues, but also the general public.

Enormous wastage

I REFER to his proposals regarding the terrible condition of the administration of the mental deficiency service of this country.

Nothing gave us cause for greater alarm during our investigation than the enormous wastage of public funds which we found is going on and is planned to continue in the discharge of this service. This wastage arises mainly from the too easy practice of certifying people, young and old, for detention in mental institutions.

The lunacy authorities, we discovered, have formed a definite, pre-conceived idea that a certain and substantial percentage of the community is feeble-minded or half-witted and in need of being "put away."

Having fixed the proportion of the population which they consider should be segregated, they have made plans for the building of elaborate and expensive mental hospitals in which to accommodate the unfortunate horde to be selected for incarceration.

Guess the number of people who could be deprived of their liberty, create—without regard to cost—places in which to imprison them, and then set out to find and bring in the estimated number!

Never has there been anything more fantastic than procedure of this kind under the cloak of a public health service. Never have the ratepayers and taxpayers of any country been called upon to finance a lunacy system so crazy in itself. And never has the community been faced with possibilities of such wholesale distress and tragedy as the unchecked exploitation of this haphazard scheme would bring.

It was clear to us, even before our enquiry had gone far, that too many local authorities have swallowed the bait of the lunacy bureaucrats without first analysing it. The proposals which they had brought forward to cope with the supposed existence of masses of people officially imagined to be mentally afflicted went far beyond what is required.

Any other body of business-minded men or women with experience of local government would inevitably have reached the conclusion we did—that a fierce brake must be applied upon extravagances of this kind, inspired by nothing more than sheer official guesswork as to the mental health of the nation.

We felt it was indeed necessary to recommend that, to allay the uneasiness regarding the mental services, the functions of the Board of Lunacy Control should be restricted to considering and advising upon specialist questions relating to the treatment of mental disease.

Rejected proposals

MANY reasons are apparent why this Board, which is the central lunacy authority of this country, should have its administrative duties transferred to and discharged by a staff forming an integral part of the Ministry of Health itself.

In fact, until that is done the public will be without proper protection from the depredations upon its liberty and money which the lunacy governors intend making on an ever-increasing scale.

Now the Minister of Health rejects the proposals we have made for reform. He differs from our views, and holds that the doubts we cast upon the value of the mental deficiency service are unfounded. He even goes further in his answer to the criticisms, which were justified by our examination of abundant evidence. With fine aplomb Sir Hilton Young commends the mental deficiency service as a "beneficent service"!

The specialists who were consulted have been bowled. The Civil Servant and the bureaucrat have had their innings behind the scenes and won the day.

Their triumph will not be enjoyed for long. The public, I have realised since we inspected the lunacy machine, is becoming alive to the extraordinary methods by which it is driven.

Already the cost of the service has risen in ten years from £14 to nearly £38 per thousand of population. If this is not checked, the consequences will be disastrous.

Not one iota of proof can be obtained anywhere to warrant the assumption of the lunacy authorities that a certain number of mental defectives must exist in any given area, and that it is necessary to provide asylums for their reception. There is not even evidence that more than a negligible number of admittedly mentally deficient persons are improved in condition by the treatment they receive in the existing institutions.

Why, therefore, build more and bigger asylums for the purpose of filling them with recruits who are still unknown, but whose numbers the bureaucrats have been able in some amazing manner to count?

It has recently been given out that there are more than 100,000 mentally deficient and certifiable school children in Britain and 600,000 "border-line" cases.

Rubbish! They are merely dull or backward children, slow in their studies, who have not been able to keep pace with the modern educational machine.

The tragedy of imprisoning them in asylums is made worse by the fact that the mental deficiency legislation gives them scant hope of ever regaining freedom as the system is now being administered.

Branded innocents

ONLY the other day, Dr. F. C. Shrubsall, the senior medical officer of the London County Council, told a meeting of public health doctors that 90 per cent. of the children now certified would not have been regarded as mentally deficient fifty years ago. That is the crux of the astounding problem created by the manner in which the lunacy authorities have used the free rein allowed them for so long.

It is not that Britain has become a nation of mental misfits. Our lunacy administrators, to justify their guesswork about the widespread existence of mental disease and their enormous drainage of public funds, are hopelessly misinterpreting the definition of mental deficiency to obtain inmates for their asylums.

They should know that the primary purpose of this service should be the protection of the public against defectives who may be a danger to the community. But they have so altered the standard as to identify morality and education with feeble-mindedness.

Some of us who sit in a judicial capacity are coming to recognise that the *official mentality* is such that an unmarried mother is in danger of being regarded as a fit person to be shut up in an asylum. It is by the same token that these institutions are being fast filled with children and youths whose high spirits have led them into simple misdemeanour or whose lack of ability in school brings them under the eye of the lunacy inspector.

This is the stage at which the "beneficent service," commended by the Minister of Health, in face of the findings of the specialists, has arrived. Few can really feel themselves safe against it.

Sir Hilton Young would have been better advised if he had agreed to the demand of the Association of Municipal Corporations for drastic investigation of the whole sorry business.

THE GREAT

A scene in London'. Chinatown ten years ago. If you walked down that street to-day you'd be lucky if you met one yellow man . . .

. . . Our Vanished CHINATOWNS

CHINATOWN has faded away, like the pipe dreams which, romantic writers told us, lurked behind the dingy lace curtains of Pennyfields in London's Dockland and the ornate shop fronts of Pitt Street, Liverpool.

To-day the huge Chinese population which ten years ago had sprung up in most of the large towns of Great Britain has almost completely disappeared.

At one time Liverpool, London and Cardiff mustered 10,000 to 15,000 Chinese inhabitants; now there are barely a thousand in all England. And more than half of these are students and professional workers like doctors, barristers and bank managers.

Chinatown's population was chiefly made up of the workers in the laundries, restaurants and shops; the small army of factory operatives and warehousemen which supplied the needs in favourite foods and clothes of their fellow-countrymen who had settled here; and a small floating population of ships' firemen and sailors.

Not so perilous!

For the most part they were a decent, hard-working, frugal-living crowd. They used to be called the Yellow Peril—but Dale Street (Liverpool) police and the big fellows who patrol Limehouse Causeway would tell you: "A darned sight better than many other aliens we have to cope with."

Where have all these Chinese gone—and why?

One explanation of their departure is this—they went because trouble was brewing for China. Three years ago the great exodus from the Chinatowns of London, Cardiff and Liverpool got properly under way. Those who had saved sufficient money, and thus could afford it, made the journey home; some to fight, some to help in other ways.

At the same time, those who could not afford it, found it not worth while staying here any longer, as so many of their compatriots had gone. So they, too, began to pack and go.

Most of the poorer ones went to Amsterdam. For one thing because Holland has a large Chinese population; for another because the Dutch colonial possessions in the East are a happy hunting-ground of the Chinese, and there is cheap and speedy access to them from Holland. Also, they are near to China—a long stage on the journey home.

The great retreat from Great Britain was never advertised. Our Chinese visitors have gone as quietly as they came; and if too many questions were asked they were not answered.

The only indication of the evacuation has been the changing face, day by day, of the Chinatowns.

Boarding-houses silent and deserted, chop suey restaurants and tea houses closed, laundries and shops shut down.

News from home

In the Chinese Republican Progress Club in Pitt Street, Liverpool, there is to-day little but empty chairs and vacant tables. Yet on any evening a year or two ago, assuming you could get past the blue glass panels of the entrance-hall, you would have found it packed with Chinese.

Here they used to foregather in hundreds, Liverpool citizens, most of them, together with crews from ships in port. The air was full of thick blue smoke from countless cigarettes, and in front of every man was his bowl of tea. Some sat playing dominoes, but most of them spent the evening in endless discussion and argument about the only thing which matters to the average Chinese immigrant—the latest news from home.

Now they are gone like those who once crowded the streets bordering on Bute Road, the Chinatown of Cardiff, or those who gave an Oriental air to Pennyfields, the district around Limehouse Causeway.

They have left behind them a lot of romantic legends, but there are some facts which can now be told for the first time about the Chinese occupation, which are stranger than any fictions.

Most of our departed Chinese visitors landed here with scarcely a penny, yet in a few years their colonies in England built up businesses worth many hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is said that their trade in Liverpool alone was worth £300,000 a year.

Yet another fact to ponder is that *there is no record of a Chinaman ever receiving parish relief, or of any Chinaman who has ever drawn the "dole."*

Even at the crest of the economic blizzard here, an unemployed or destitute Chinaman has been as rare a spectacle as a dead donkey.

They have come here, stayed and prospered—or not—and got themselves away again; and the whole time they have never cost this country one penny.

How has it been done?

It has been done by the marvellous organisations for mutual help which the Chinese build up among themselves in whatever country they settle. They are an object-lesson in self-support.

All the time they were here they were a little empire within this Empire. They obeyed the laws of this country, but their first allegiance has been to each other.

If they return, it will be so again.

In the heart of Pennyfields there is a very ordinary, grimy-looking little two-storied house. Its only difference from its neighbours is that the outside is a little dirtier.

Inside, though, it is very different. All the furniture, floor coverings and lamps are Chinese. The other side of the front door the L.G.O.C. 'buses plough through the drabness of the East End, but inside this house is a bit of the Flowery Empire itself.

It is the residence of a well-known Chinese business man in Limehouse. It is also the headquarters of Chee Tong. Chee Tong is one of the huge networks of "tongs" or companies, which the Chinese built up all over England. The word can also mean friendly society, and again, according to some people, "secret" society.

But it is as friendly societies that the "tongs" are known in England. They go by various names, but most of them are called after the names of the provinces of Old China. They are a combination of Masonry and societies like the Order of Foresters, but the work of the "tongs" is more comprehensive than any of these.

Every Chinaman who lands in this

"A decent, hard-working crowd"—and here's a sturdy example: Wo Kong, the jovial butcher, poses for "John Bull's" photographer

CHINESE RETREAT —from BRITAIN

A quick click or our photographer would have lost this picture. For these young pretenders are as diffident as their fathers and ran, squealing, when they caught sight of the camera

country is automatically a member of one of them, and he usually joins the "tong" named after his native province. When he lands he reports to the "tong." If he has no job, it finds him one. If he has capital and a trade, it helps him to get established

To show how the system works, let us take, say, the case of Wong Lee—simply because it is ordinary and typical.

Wong Lee was a Cantonese coolie who had drifted to the sea. After two voyages between England and the Far East he arrived one day in London Docks on a Blue Funnel boat with a clear determination to get a job ashore.

For a day or so he stayed in one of the scores of Chinese seamen's boarding-houses which flourished along Limehouse Causeway. Then one day he went up to Chee Tong.

Strange committee

In an upstairs room of the little Pennyfields house is a long teak wood table. Round it sit the executives of the "tong."

This "committee" is a queer mixture, a very democratic mixture to Western notions. One of them is a Chinese barrister, a graduate of Oxford and an expert on international law; another is a laundry hand; another a restaurant proprietor, and so on.

The chairman is probably a dish-washer in a chop suey restaurant, who once pulled a rickshaw along the Bund in Shanghai, and who has never had a day's schooling in his life. All the same, he can calculate a probability or a "risk" as well as any actuary in Throgmorton Street.

Before the committee comes Wong Lee. It already knows quite a lot about him gleaned by methods peculiar to itself. It knows all about his background—his native village, his parents, his "tong" connections in China.

Wong Lee may be ignorant, unlettered and with no qualifications whatever outside of an inborn capacity for working twenty hours a day on a handful of rice.

But somehow he will leave the "tong" house with a job to go to—in London, Cardiff, Liverpcol, or some other town.

He will go to work for some other Chinaman, of course, but at the very least it will be a job which will provide him with tea, rice, raiment and shelter—the minimum, according to the "tongs," to which a Chinaman exiled in this country is entitled. Later he may start to earn a wage.

Once he starts to earn he starts to save.

He saves by remitting money to his "tong."

All-important corpse

But at first he does not save for his living self. *He saves for his corpse!* He does so, because it is the first ambition of every Chinaman to save sufficient money so that, in the event of his death, his body may be sent home to China to be buried among those of his ancestors.

Part of the ancestor worship of the Chinese is the disgrace which rests on the posterity of a man who is buried away from his home.

Once that contingency has been provided for, Wong Lee may, or may not, start to save for himself

There are, of course, spendthrifts among the Chinese as there are among Europeans. In addition, John Chinaman is the most inveterate gambler on earth.

The probability is that once Wong Lee has saved his "bone money," as it is irreverently called in the West, he will gamble away the rest on illicit "puk ah pu" played behind closely shuttered windows.

Or he may fritter it away on a continual purchase of lottery tickets by one of which he hopes some day to draw the winning number, which will transport his living body back to Mother China, there to live in ease for the rest of his days.

Vast sums

But, at any rate, Wong Lee is here—sure of a job and food and shelter while he stays.

It is this "bone money" which is the financial strength of the "tongs," and the secret of the self-support of Britain's Chinese.

The accumulating interest on the "bone money" savings of Wong Lee and his kind helps to feed and start the newcomers in their turn. It succours the unfortunate and the destitute.

And there is no doubt, too, that this money played a great part as the sinews of transport during the great Chinese retreat from the British Isles.

The money, accumulated in this fashion in the hands of the "tongs," has reached vast figures. It is believed that the Ku Min Tong in Liverpool, one "tong" alone, handled something in the neighbourhood of £10,000 a year.

As far as possible each "tong" is separate from the others and administers its own funds to its own members. Occasionally, however, it would come to the assistance of a weaker "tong," temporarily overburdened with heavy demands for relief grants. Also, as a rule, most Chinese trade only with members of their own "tong," buying and exchanging food and service with each other.

In this manner does John Chinaman establish himself in England.

John is shrewd

Long ago, when our ancestors were running about in blue paint for evening dress, he discovered the principle that in unity there is strength. He lives up to that slogan to-day wherever he is found in "the barbarous West."

The great Chinese exodus from Britain began when bad times started here, particularly in the shipping industry—the mainstay of our Chinatowns.

Perhaps, then, it is a good sign of the times that the Aliens' Lists issued by Scotland Yard show a very slight but steady increase of Chinese landing and staying here over the past few months. Presently we may have our Chinese back in strength again.

If so, they will establish themselves again in the manner which has been described here. The "tongs" will start up again and "bone money" will once again flow through the underground channels of the "tongs," providing food and work in the Chinatowns.

The cold, heartless, inscrutable Chinaman, the perpetually opium-smoking degenerate of popular fiction, is a myth. Whatever our prejudices against John Chinaman, the facts show that he has won his way, wherever he has settled, by hard work and a common-sense fidelity to his kind and kin.

Perhaps we can all learn something from him.

The Human Machine

Virtues in Mufti

THE greatest virtues are not always the most spectacular. Superlative courage in the face of danger, martyrdom for the sake of some great cause, defiance of popular opinion for the sake of truth—all these stamp a man as of outstanding character.

But there are many more homely virtues, not so spectacular, calling forth no applause and no publicity, that stamp a man no less surely, and need no less self-control.

It is not, after all, so difficult to do great things with the eyes of the world on you; it is not so tremendously difficult to act a great part if once a mood of exaltation reaches a certain height.

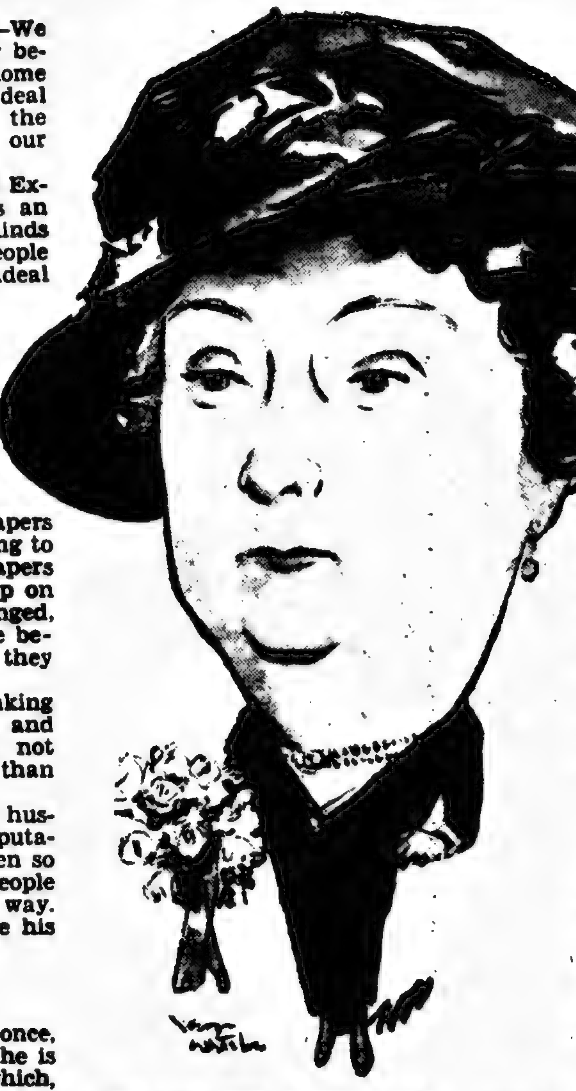
What is difficult is to do these same things when no one is looking, when nothing but your own self-respect will be your reward, when your only spur to endeavour is your own knowledge of what you are and what you ought to do.

To keep your temper under severe provocation, for instance—can you do that? If you were facing an angry mob, if great issues hung on your keeping yourself in hand while everyone round you lost their balance, you could do it, no doubt; but in the privacy of your own home, when little things prick and irritate, can you do it then?

It often needs just as big an effort as it would in a more magnificent setting—indeed it often needs more. It is not easy to check a tendency to snap and snarl when nothing much will happen if you do.

Nothing much? Perhaps that's wrong; for whatever you do has its effect on you. A man is what he thinks, what he does, what he says. Those who are sure of themselves in cold blood, as it were, need never fear the big test when it comes.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MRS. BALDWIN



Have it out with STANLEY!

DEAR MRS. BALDWIN,—We are all with you in your belief that the ideal home would bring forth "ideal people to live in it for the future happiness of our country."

You were opening the Ideal Home Exhibition when you said this. It is an exhibition which, every year, reminds us of the sort of homes all our people could dwell in if we lived in an ideal country.

Always, at such functions, pious truisms such as yours are uttered.

Now, much of the work you do is good. You have been pleading, for some years, for anæsthetics so that women in childbirth can be relieved of pain. You have kept on with this plea of yours until some Tory newspapers annoyed your husband once by failing to report your speeches. Those newspapers do not know that you have to keep on and on before public opinion is changed, that often it is when reformers are beginning to bore people a bit that they are on the verge of victory.

But, my dear Mrs. Baldwin, making nice speeches about ideal homes and better conditions for women is not enough. We want something more than speeches to-day.

The country wants action. Your husband has great qualities. His reputation as an honest politician has been so frequently praised that some people laugh at him for it. He sees a long way. Unfortunately he cannot transmute his ideals into action.

• • •

I wish, when you get him alone once, you would whisper in his ear that he is a member of a Government which, almost wilfully, it would seem, has taken part in the wrecking of schemes for ideal homes, which a few months ago were within sight of accomplishment.

Not long ago, the Ministry of Health had perfected a scheme to destroy slum cottages in the country places. Not all the slums are in the towns, you know. Scores of thousands of these picturesque old buildings, of which people say "How beautiful" when they pass by in a motor-car, are full of disease. Underneath the thatch, which artists paint and of which photographers make snaps to carry home, germs breed by the million and damp accumulates. Behind the ivy on the walls death lurks.

It may be picturesque. But, heavens! it is murderous.

The Government, of which your husband is a member, has destroyed the scheme to rebuild, in place of these country slums, healthy dwellings at a price which farm workers can pay.

And all over the country, because of a stupid mania for "Economy," housing schemes have been scrapped at a time when money is cheap and labour is plentiful.

Austen Chamberlain recently had the courage to attack the slums in Birmingham. Yet, for months, his brother, Neville Chamberlain, who made a great reputation as Lord Mayor of Birmingham, has been destroying housing schemes which, in a few years, might have swept these slums out of existence.

When I was in Birmingham, during the municipal election last November, I found the Conservative Party, which your husband leads, engaged in an attack on a scheme to put up good working-class dwellings.

• • •

Then there is a great ground landlord, a peer of distinguished lineage, who belongs to your husband's Party. A few days ago he said, "The working-classes do not want bath-rooms."

There is an idea in the minds of many old-fashioned Conservatives that, if you put a bath-room into a workman's house he uses it to put the coal in, or as something in which to bed out his plants.

Not long ago a former Lord Mayor of Birmingham proved to me what a lie this was by saying that, in the Midland city where he lived, at least 98 per cent. of the former slum dwellers who had been put into a garden city, as it seemed by comparison, had made good; that, in the case of the few offenders, one threat that they would have to go was enough to keep them good and neighbourly.

Then there is the Town Planning Act, which your husband has helped to destroy.

I am sure he did not want to do it, but that he merely gave in.

Whisper in his ear about that, too, when you meet him at breakfast. I am sure that you are on the side of a scheme which would deal with the future of every town, every centre of population, every possible building development; think of the future and plan for a long time ahead.

All our great cities are spreading out, and in such an ill-considered, haphazard way that the countryside is being destroyed. The Town Planning Act was designed to stop all this and to make all building, and all town extension, part of one great scheme. No, the Government of which your husband is a member killed that, too.

Then there was a scheme, which Philip Snowden put into one of his Budgets, that landlords should pay a tax on their ground rents, which, in the case of three or four London landlords, bring to a single man an income of several hundred thousands of pounds a year. You see, everybody except the landlord builds and creates. The landlord is the only one who permanently profits.

• • •

"Tax him on it," said Common-Sense.

That scheme, too, has gone. Your husband helped to kill it.

Why, your husband's Government is now planning the de-control of one million houses! Poor people will have to pay large increases of rent when that scheme is law.

Do tell him what he is doing. I don't think he can know.

Do tell him all this. Do remind him that a well-meaning, splendid fellow like himself, a man who has the future of his country very much at heart, should have the courage of your convictions.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James' Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You were not annoyed when, on your tour of Glasgow, women cried "Give us bread" and men "We want work."

You know, I am sure, that those who shouted think far more of you for going and seeing things for yourself than if you had stayed away. They may not say so, but they do. JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE,
Chairman, Lloyds Bank

DEAR SIR,—You reveal that there was an increase of £250,000,000 in deposits in British clearing banks during the last year. And a high proportion of that vast sum is in deposits by Government, municipal and local authorities!

I should like to know why it isn't being spent on public works to relieve unemployment instead of being left idle.
JOHN BULL.

Hon. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C.,
Elm Court, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR STAFFORD,—Don't be surprised if Mr. Henderson has you "on the mat" for your recent remarks at Sheffield. You said that when Labour returns to power "we shall not dally about with Acts of Parliament . . . we shall start by devising emergency methods." In other words, use the weapons of a dictatorship, like Hitler and Co.

You may think that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. But it won't do for our democracy, and the results would certainly recoil on your own head.

Scrap the dictator notions at once. They only represent the views of a small coterie of your essentially democratic Party. JOHN BULL.

HARRY JEPSON,
Bury, Lancashire

SWINDLER,—You and your wife have £500 in the bank, and own two houses. Yet you made false representations to get the "dole," obtaining £39 in all.

You have been let off with a fine of £10 and three guineas costs, which leaves you well in.

What about giving the balance to some decent out-of-work man who deserves the "dole" but can't get it?
JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM JACKSON,
Methley, Leeds

JACKSON,—"I am always yours," you wrote to a widow. You were—until she had parted with the last penny of her life savings.

Then the police revealed that you had previously obtained more than £600 from three other widows.

Well, you may think yourself a great lover, but I think prison, where you have been sent for eighteen months, is the right place for you. JOHN BULL.

Mr. EVAN MORGAN,
Pontypridd Education Committee

DEAR SIR,—You certainly possess the courage of your convictions.

When the local Employment Exchange asked your committee to tell boys leaving school that there were vacancies in a near by colliery, you commented: "I don't advise parents to send their boys to the mines. Miners draw the lowest wages and run more risks than any other class of workman."

True. Besides, boys should not be encouraged to go into an industry where there is such great unemployment.
JOHN BULL.

Miss MARY BARKER,
Stanhope, Durham

DEAR MARY,—Let who will say that romance is dead You know differently.

Thirty-five years ago your proposed marriage to James Weatherald so upset his twin brother, John, that you decided to keep house for both brothers and marry the survivor.

Now James has died and you are to wed John at Easter. I wish you both all happiness JOHN BULL.

HOME SECRETARY: Glad you have the women "all-in" wrestling bouts under consideration, and hope you'll stop them. They may prove that we are all descended from apes, but Darwin did that long ago—more gently.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANCIS BLACKBURN,
Brampton, Derbyshire

DEAR BLACKBURN,—When your van was stranded in the snow at Palterton, the lock was forced and a ton of confectionery stolen by men, youths and girls. Even a farmer, said the police, went to see what he could get.

Luckily you are to be compensated by the fifty villagers charged with the offence, but what a reflection on village life in Derbyshire! JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Poole, Dorset

GENTLEMEN,—Recently you decided to appoint the retiring Town Clerk to a new advisory post with a salary of £276 a year.

This practice is not uncommon, but I am not in favour of well-paid officials being given specially created jobs when they retire. I am glad to see, then, that you have been called upon to take a ballot of the ratepayers on this matter. I shall note its result with great interest.
JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. FATHER ALBERT,
Liverpool

REVEREND FATHER,—The rising generation of women, you say, have entirely forgotten womanly virtue and dignity. And you instance sun-bathing at the seaside, "where human beings crawl about like serpents and try to convince the world they are in search of health."

The best answer to that is this—Women of to-day are twice as healthy as their over-clothed grandmothers of Victorian days. JOHN BULL.

Mr. REGINALD McKENNA, ex-Home Secretary: Now you are a big-business man, you are limiting your speeches to one-minute duration. I think we'd better have you back in the Cabinet.—JOHN BULL.

HELEN CHARLOTTE ALLEN,
c/o H.M. Prison

BLACKMAILER,—Yours is one of the most despicable cases in the history of blackmail.

You preyed on an old lady of seventy-six by posing as an official of the Board of Lunacy Control and threatening her with heavy penalties because a mental defective had previously stayed with her.

Now you have been sentenced, at the Old Bailey, to seventeen months' hard labour. Never was this sentence more richly deserved. JOHN BULL.

INDIA—*the Only Way*

by A. G. GARDINER

HISTORY has no parallel to the task that lies before the Joint Select Committee which Parliament has just set up to deal with India. Constitutions have been made to order before—in the United States and in South Africa, for example —but never on this scale.

For consider the problem in its broad aspects. India is not a country measurable by European standards. It is a continent, a vast congeries of countries. Its area is nearly equal to that of Europe, excluding Russia: its population, 350,000,000, is nearly as great as that of Europe.

The British Isles could be packed away into a corner of India without making much difference to its bulk. The people of these islands could be distributed over India without making any very apparent change in the density of the population.

And it is not only its vastness that makes the task so formidable. There are more languages and dialects talked in India than in Europe. The racial and religious differences are more intense. Roughly, two-thirds of the population are Hindu and one-third Mahommedan, and between these two great religious systems there is ceaseless conflict.

What common bond?

Add to all this that a third of the whole country is divided into hundreds of principalities, large and small, that are independent of British India, and practically independent of the British *raj* Add further that 50,000,000 of the people belong to the Untouchable caste, who are treated as the vermin of their kind, a lower order of creation, politically non-existent, socially irredeemable, and religiously mere lepers, condemned for ever to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the superior castes.

In the face of all this, it may well be asked, What constitution can be drafted that will embrace and reconcile this confusion of races and interests? What common denominator is there on which to base a self-governing system that will hold such refractory elements together?

In a word, why launch out upon this great adventure? Why attempt to adapt the democratic idea, which is visibly breaking down in Europe, to a community so vast and so divided as that of India?

It is not that the existing system has failed. Judged by any test you can apply, British rule in India has been a miracle of practical achievement.

It has given India for a century and a half a peace, internal and external, that no other part of the earth's surface has enjoyed. The foreign invader has never dared set foot on its soil. Hindu and Mahommedan have been kept at peace within its borders. Order has been maintained and justice has been done. Plague has been abolished and famine banished.

Three courses

Why disturb so beneficent a régime? The answer is—and we may as well be frank about it—there is no choice. The time has come when India can no longer be paternally and autocratically governed from London.

For good or for evil there has been growing up in India for a generation past a tidal wave of revolt against unqualified subjection to British rule. It began with the intellectuals, like Gokhale, who resented being inferiors in their own country.

It spread to the business classes, like the manufacturers of Bombay, who wanted the monopoly of their own internal markets. It was stimulated by the Great War, which destroyed the authority of European civilisation in Asia.

It culminated in the quasi-religious movement of Gandhi, which swept India from end to end with the passion of self-consciousness and the demand for self-determination.

Three courses were open to us in the face of this emergence of the new India.

We could resist it, as Mr. Churchill and the Die-Hards want us to do. We could pack up and go out, bag and baggage, as Mr. Maxton would have us do. Or we could accept the fact, make terms with the new spirit, and give India a self-governing constitution which would pave the way to ultimate inclusion of the country in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Churchill and Maxton ideas are about equally silly. In the end no country can govern another without its consent. We tried it in the United States and failed, in Canada and failed, in Ireland and failed, in South Africa and failed.

Belligerent Mr. Churchill. Does he think he can hold a pistol at the heads of 350,000,000 people?

Does Mr. Churchill suppose that we can dragoon 350,000,000 people into obedience against their will? We should have to treble the British Army and spend £150 millions a year in the attempt to hold India by the bayonet, and even then it would fail.

And the Maxton gospel of "skedaddle" is no less fatuous. If we went out of India, bag and baggage, we should be guilty of a crime of unspeakable infamy. We should make of India a worse desolation than Mr. Maxton's Communist friends have made of Russia. It would burst from end to end into a chaos of sects and factions.

Compromise!

Take away the British cement that holds the whole scheme of things together and the structure would collapse into ruin. Hindu and Moslem would be at each other's throats, and in such a struggle I have, personally, little doubt as to which would emerge the tyrant of the other. But the result in any case would be a human catastrophe on a scale without precedent in history.

There remains the only course that sensible men can take. If it is impossible to hold India by fear and force, and if it is impossible to leave India to stew in its own juice, we must make terms with India.

We must give it the utmost measure of self-government consistent with the safety of the country. We must give it in a form which will satisfy reasonable Indian sentiment, and will convince it that it is only the first step to the ultimate inclusion of India in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

That, I rejoice to say, is what the Government has done. As Mr. Baldwin said in the admirable speech in which he rolled Mr. Churchill in the dust, "We are not going to miss the 'bus this time."

The Committee that has been set up is commissioned to draft a Constitution which will bring India far on the road towards self-government. Not only are the provinces to have responsible government, but the whole of India is to be federated on the principle of the United States, with responsible government at the centre.

We must go on

There are, of course, reservations. There must be. The military security of India must be safeguarded. The financial stability of India must be safeguarded. In the case of necessity, the preservation of order must be safeguarded.

These safeguards are vested in the Governor-General. Some think they are insufficient; some think they are excessive. I think they strike the happy mean, and I believe that reasonable Indian opinion will take that view.

I hope that Labour will not play the mere Party game in this great matter. Let them leave that to the Die-Hards, and let them take their part in making this great adventure a success.

It is, I repeat, the greatest adventure in constitution-building in history. It is, if you like, a leap in the dark. But it is a leap that has to be taken. We cannot go back. We cannot stand still. We must go forward.

Let us take the leap boldly, generously, fearlessly. If we do that, I for one do not fear the result.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary, on

"Come, Come!" Counsel

THOUGH many a witness brought to court
His facts and figures mixes,
I know that when to this world I came
My parents hastened me "John" to name,
And, furthermore, I can e'en proclaim
That "Gilmour" my suffix is.
On these points no one can catch me out,
No counsel, however clever!
Of that there is no manner of doubt,
No probable, possible shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever!

Admittedly, there are some minor facts
Which public cares have banished.
They made me a Secret'ry of State
For something or other on some old date
Which—since I cannot consult my slate—
Has from my mem'ry vanished.
But though the lawyers try to rout
Me, they'll discover never
fact more free from every doubt,
All probable, possible shadow of doubt,
All possible doubt whatever!

Anybody who *does* doubt if I am a Secretary of State can satisfy himself on that point by consulting the official records. And the date on which I was appointed can be ascertained from the same source.

But when I was called as a witness at Bow Street Police Court I was unable to remember whether it was in 1932 or 1933 that I was appointed. Fortunately, the magistrate remembered for me. But I have an uncomfortable feeling that if I had been an ordinary witness, unable to recollect the date on which he had taken out his driver's licence or had last visited his hairdresser, this lapse of memory would have been used to discredit the whole of my evidence.

My own brief experience of standing in the witness-box and having unexpected questions fired at me has convinced me that the lot of the average witness is not a happy one. It has taught me to sympathise with the citizen, doing his best to give evidence honestly, who is reduced to a state of nervous self-contradiction by some bullying Buzfuz.

To be appointed Home Secretary is a rather unusual occurrence; and, since I could not remember when this important event in my life took place, I am not surprised that a witness sometimes is unable to recollect the precise date, day, and hour when he called somewhere for a glass of something wet.

Yet it is not enough to tell a bewigged Buzfuz that it was "fairly early in the evening." "What do you mean by 'fairly early'?" demands Buzfuz. "Was it eight o'clock?"

"I reckon it was a bit later than that."

"Oh, you reckon it was a bit later! How much later?"

"I can't exactly say."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir——" etc., etc.

Often I have read such dialogue in court reports. I can only hope (if it doesn't slip my memory) I will be able one day to do something to put a stop to the tactics of "Come, come" counsel who operate on such lines as these:

Come, come, sir! Now this will not do!
You say you cannot recollect
Whether 'twas five or ten past two?
Come, come: you really don't expect
The court to be content with *that?*
Come, come, sir!

Now, witness, you are on your oath,
And what the court desires to hear
Is: Did Brown use one hand or both
To rob the plaintiff of his beer?
Now—come, sir!

You say you *saw* him fire? Just so!
But what I asked was: "Did you see
Him pull the trigger?" Yes or no!
Please don't make speeches! Answer me!
Come, come, sir!

This medical photograph shows what "dish-washing" hands look like (skin magnified). "Vaseline" Jelly is the best medical treatment, specialists say.

"DISH-WASHING" HANDS

Try this easy treatment— roughness smoothed away

Washing up dishes — even if it's only once a day — soon makes your hands dry, rough, chapped. Keep them smooth and soft. So easy this recommended way . . .

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Golden Gysophila is the popular name given to Isatis Glauca, a stately perennial (3 ft.) which produces billowy heads of small golden-yellow flowers. It is an admirable plant for the back of a border, and suitable for cutting. No. 3522. In packets of 50 seeds 2d. Larger packets 6d and 1/-. Post 2d.

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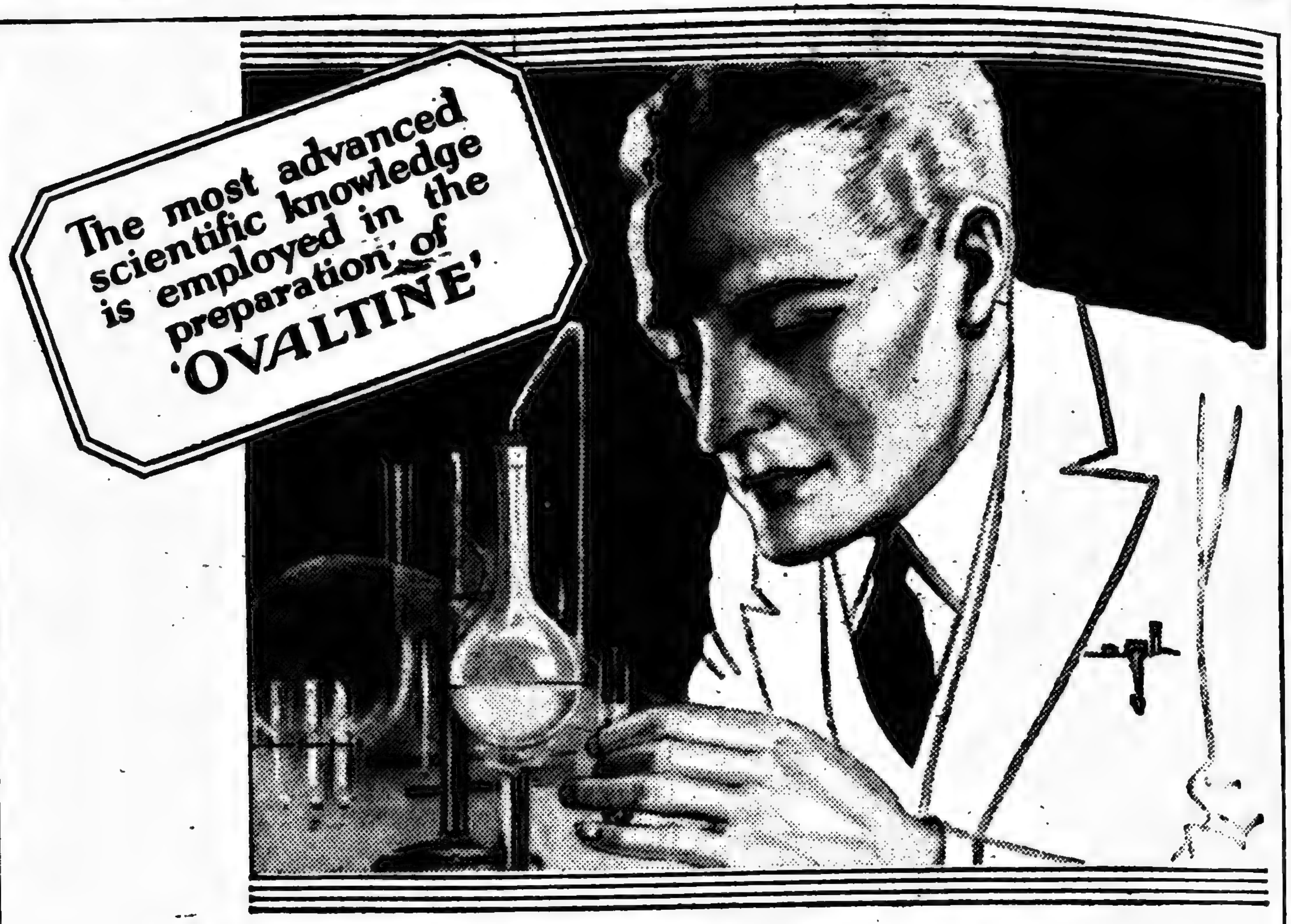
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"Ovaltine" is made from specially prepared malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Unlike imitations, ***it does not contain household sugar*** to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. ***Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa***—consequently it does not possess an excessive cocoa flavour, which many persons dislike. The naturally delicious flavour of "Ovaltine" is enjoyed by everyone.

The manufacturers of "Ovaltine" have a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition. "Ovaltine" is the result of constant and intensive research in this field, and it ***incorporates every single feature required by advanced*** scientific thought.

For example, the proprietors of "Ovaltine" were pioneers in the use of vacuum and low-temperature processes, which have been developed and perfected by them over a long period of years. Their perfected processes of manufacture—***which cannot be used by others***—ensure that ***all*** the vital elements of the original ingredients are retained unimpaired in the finished product. They also ensure the complete absence of starch—an undesirable feature in a food beverage.

Considering its supreme quality, "Ovaltine" is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Remember, too, that "Ovaltine" gives you more in ***quantity,*** as well as more in ***quality.*** There is only ***one*** "Ovaltine." Reject substitutes.

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Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

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Wireless COMBINE SENSATION

—a warning to investors

The "Fultograph"—an ingenious radio invention for transmitting pictures by wireless. Here is Captain Otto Fulton giving a demonstration

WHEN investors have lost heavily in much-boomed public companies it is only natural that their interest should be aroused by any scheme for turning failure into success.

But the more prudent will always hesitate before throwing good money after bad, and a number of readers have sought my advice lately regarding a remarkable circularisation campaign in which three apparently philanthropic gentlemen figure.

They are Mr. John S. Bird, of 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.; Mr. W. S. Lawrence, of 16, Hardwidge Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E., and Mr. R. A. Winfield, of 320, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.

Their circulars are addressed to shareholders in a wretched concern called Wireless Pictures (1928), Ltd., which, in a short but astounding financial career, has so far achieved nothing but losses.

As the rosy assurances now being held out are calculated to raise false hopes in investors' hearts, I propose to probe deeply into the history of this luckless venture from the time of its inception.

It came to life in the autumn of 1928 with an authorised capital of £425,000, a most ambitious programme and a highly distinguished board, whose names I naturally refrain from giving here because they have nothing whatever to do with the present scheme.

Wireless Pictures (1928), Ltd., was formed to acquire and exploit a world-shaking wireless invention of a famous Austrian scientist named Otto Fulton.

Amazing possibilities

This was the Fultograph, which, according to the prospectus, possessed amazing possibilities. Possibly it did.

It was to be one of radio's greatest sensations. Compact and portable, the Fultograph could reproduce electrically broadcast pictures, photographs, fashion plates cartoons, finger-prints, typescript, weather charts and even cross-word puzzles

Its possibilities, indeed, seemed endless. Every home equipped with an ordinary wireless set could be provided with a Fultograph to be attached to the receiver in much the same way as a loud speaker.

Set in action by the release of a small lever it would automatically reproduce pictures from various parts of the world on a sheet of prepared paper attached to a revolving cylinder.

Views of Vienna, for example, could be transmitted instantly to London, a distance of 850 miles.

So great, indeed, were the prospectus potentialities of the Fultograph invention that it was apparently impossible to gauge the full extent of the profits to be made from its exploitation.

I am not surprised to note that the whole of the £230,000 Wireless Picture shares which were initially offered to the public were immediately snapped up.

What happened?

At the end of the first year there were no profits; nor was there any balance-sheet to show the company's actual position, and the directors failed to hold a general meeting as required by law.

Shareholders were naturally perturbed at this disquieting turn of events and quite early on, I find, certain of them made representations to the Board of Trade to intervene on their behalf under the Companies Act.

Nothing of importance happened then, however, except that enquiring investors were placated with the excuse that the silence and delay—following certain secret negotiations, which it was undesirable to disclose—were really in their best interests.

More months passed; then the belated meeting was held in an atmosphere of depressing gloom.

Lamentable . . .

The much-boomed invention, shareholders were told, was a failure. In order to meet with the anticipated demand and at the same time get the best prices, substantial contracts had been placed for apparatus that was really unwarranted.

Stocks amounting to thousands of pounds were left on the company's hands—useless. They were, and still are, unrealisable.

The long-overdue balance-sheets, when finally issued, disclosed a lamentable state of affairs.

The company's entire funds were exhausted, and creditors were pressing on all sides. These creditors had been urged, at a previous conference held by the directors, to stay their hands while an endeavour was made to get the concern on a sound basis.

Later the Board of Trade intervened and prosecuted certain directors of the company for failing to furnish a profit and loss account for shareholders and otherwise failing to comply with the Companies Act.

Heavy fines were imposed.

Finally, after an unsuccessful attempt to raise further money by the issue of debentures, the company drifted into liquidation with heavy liabilities and with little, if any, prospect of the £235,000 shareholders seeing any return for their money.

Reason for doubt

Mr. J. S. Bird, who is one of the three gentlemen I named at the outset, was appointed its liquidator and was secretary of Wireless Pictures (1928), Ltd.

In a brief circular he issued recently to shareholders he states that the "rights, patents, trademarks, goodwill and beneficial interest" of Wireless Pictures (1928), Ltd., "have been assigned to Celebrity Gramophones (1932), Ltd.," and that it has been arranged that shareholders shall receive preferential treatment in the matter of allotment of the shares of this new concern.

I must say that shareholders have every reason to feel perplexed at this sudden development in the affairs of their company, and who can blame them if they also feel hesitant about the vague inducement now being held out to them.

There are many questions one might ask. What did the sale to Celebrity Gramophones fetch? And what is the status of this new company?

Mr. Bird remains silent about these vital points, but adds that "particulars of this assignment will be incorporated and forwarded to you in the final report of the liquidation."

Mr. W. S. Lawrence, the second of the gentlemen I have mentioned, goes one better than Mr. Bird in a circular which he has issued to Wireless Pictures shareholders, and which, curiously enough, bears the same date.

Printed on the notepaper of Celebrity Gramophones, Ltd., of which he is chairman, it informs the shareholders that under the acquisition scheme they are entitled "as a right" to subscribe for a specific number of shares in the new venture at par.

Two forms

In addition they are entitled to receive a "redemption bond" of the new company for a like amount.

Impressive-looking forms are enclosed, bearing alternate red and black print, and headed "Form of Acceptance of Shares as of Right" and "Form of Renunciation and Nomination of Rights."

These clearly suggest that the scheme is one which will recover the losses on the disastrous crash and that unless shareholders take up the stipulated number of shares and sign the form of acceptance, they will have to sign the renunciation form—the implication being that the so-called rights are valuable.

The circular from Mr. Lawrence, who is a director of Celebrity Gramophones, Ltd., goes a step further and emphasises that the list will be closed by a certain date, thus hinting that there is need for haste.

I strongly advise all readers to ignore the scheme completely.

In the first place Celebrity Gramophones, Ltd., has apparently made a habit latterly of acquiring the goodwill of derelict concerns like Wireless Pictures (1928), Ltd., and approaching disillusioned shareholders with appeals for applications "as of Right."

It is itself a "reconstruction" of another luckless undertaking which went into liquidation.

After its rebirth, Celebrity Gramophones, Ltd., extended to its own old shareholders, who had lost all their capital in the first crash, the privilege of applying for new shares "as of right"!

Then, with the same kind of spirit of philanthropy, it approached the shareholders of a subsidiary company of another unlucky venture called Dominion Gramophone Records Co., Ltd., which failed for £158,000, giving them the "right" of buying a stipulated number of its own shares!

Similar overtures have been made to the shareholders in yet another wireless and gramophone company, which obtained £250,000 from the public and, apart from paying no dividends, made a loss in one year of £50,000, and is now in liquidation.

Though the need for prompt acceptance is always stressed, I find that this touting of Celebrity Gramophone shares has now been going on for over a year, during which time the "final" closing dates have been innumerable.

One, in fact, was as far back as April, 1932!

And what are these much-vaunted "rights" really worth? Celebrity Gramophone shares are not even quoted on the Stock Exchange, and the company has never paid any dividend.

Preposterous twaddle

As to the so-called "Redemption Bonds," no information is vouchsafed regarding their nature or value. But in view of the terrific losses recorded above and of the many other unsatisfactory points to which I have drawn attention, I must urge investors to look at them askance.

One final word.

Mr. Lawrence asks that remittances shall be sent, not to the offices of his company, but to the third individual I have named—Mr. R. A. Winfield, of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, who is described as "the authorised agent for this issue."

Why?

It seems to me that this curiously unorthodox scheme, with its preposterous twaddle about "rights," "acceptances" and "renunciations," is best left alone.

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Mr. PHILIP INMAN,

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If the applicant is under 21 the parent or guardian should sign on the line below.

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....

The BARON of BUNK

Douglas Sargeant, alias Quintin Siegfried, alias the Baron Rio de Branca

FEW people in recent weeks can have failed to observe the preliminary publicity regarding the birth of a new enterprise in journalism.

Announcements in the Press and the display in public places of gay and highly-coloured art posters have made known to the world the imminent publication of *Adam*, a shilling illustrated magazine devoted exclusively to the interests of men.

A dummy copy of the new publication, prepared to induce advertisers to buy space in it, is before us. Its elegant cover and glazed pages proclaim the intention to produce a periodical of tone and quality.

We predict, however, that not a single copy of *Adam* will ever be printed or sold—certainly not under its present ownership. So far it has been nothing more than a shameful gamble with other people's money and brains.

The editor and proprietor is an individual who calls himself Quintin Siegfried.

He is a charlatan and cheat.

A few days ago Siegfried left his editorial sanctum at 113, Oxford Street, London, to commit suicide. He changed his mind, however, and, instead, lost his memory. So, at least, he told a policeman.

How convenient it would be for Siegfried to forget his past! Let us, however, try to stimulate his fading memory and use the opportunity to warn investors and others who may encounter him while his mind is still vacant.

Heiress story

Quintin Siegfried, whose real name is Douglas Sargeant, has lately been under the view of John Bull as a defaulter of the worst kind.

He is dexterous in obtaining credit, plausible in his attempts to stave off settlement, and callous in the device of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

When the occasion suits, Siegfried or Sargeant uses still another name. He is then the Baron Rio de Branca, and to justify the title he tells his potential dupes a romantic and fictitious story about a supposed marriage to a South American heiress.

Her father, he says, was President of Brazil and on his death-bed not only consented to the love match of his daughter, but made over the whole of his fortune to Siegfried on condition that he assumed the barony and style of Branca.

After a regal, joyous and extravagant life in South America, his story continues, he returned to Britain with only £80,000. Most of this trifling remainder, he adds, was lost in financing large-scale theatrical enterprises in Amsterdam, Paris and London.

In the production alone of one famous musical comedy in this country, Siegfried relates, he squandered not less than £10,000.

All these lies are told for one purpose—to establish himself in the eyes of prospective victims as a person who may be trusted with their money or credit.

The truth is that Siegfried, who is only thirty-three, was for a short time in South America peddling films.

Part of his grandiose tactics on that continent to impress people with his high connections was to send voluminous cables, and he left for Britain unable to pay even a debt of £100 which he had incurred on that account.

His only connection with the production of the British musical comedy which he is supposed so lavishly to have financed was a temporary engagement to understudy a minor part in the play at the humble salary of a few pounds weekly.

Siegried then became the central figure in a remarkable scheme to ensure the world-wide distribution of Irish sweepstake tickets.

He represented that, by arrangement with the authorities in Ireland, he was to direct a colossal organisation with headquarters in Paris which would bring a huge revenue to the sweepstake fund by regulating the sale of tickets not only all over Europe, but even in the furthermost parts of Asia and especially in China.

Explanations

It was only part of a trick to deceive people in this country to whom he sold books of sweepstake tickets, but whose money or vouchers never reached Ireland.

When official receipts were not forthcoming, he blamed the sweepstake organisation, but, unfortunately, he could not produce the evidence of the postage of the money.

Next he alleged that it had been seized by the Customs or Post Office, but this was untrue.

To one man who had bought tickets worth £20 from him, Siegfried gave a cheque in repayment of the amount "as a matter of personal honour."

The cheque was not met and Siegfried explained that he had stopped payment of it because he realised that if he paid one loser he might be held liable for repayment to the other people, including a titled woman, to whom he had also sold tickets.

In the end, faced with the possibility of prosecution, he admitted his deceit by refunding the money in driblets. He stopped short, however, before it was all repaid.

Authorship and publishing were his next fields of exploitation. For this purpose he became a numerologist, and produced a book the readers of which were supposed to learn their fate and fortune by combinations and permutations of the numbers in their birth dates.

The printers and publishers have not been paid.

So bold were Siegfried's absurd claims to prescience in fortune-telling and divination that he was actually enlisted by a national Sunday newspaper to inform its readers what the future had in store for them.

His "powers" and articles were advertised all over the country.

Pursuing the profitable trade of appealing to the grossest superstition, Siegfried put on the market an automatic fortune-teller in the form of rotating discs. The debt of more than £200 incurred for its production has not been paid.

Siegfried next startled the racing world by announcing the results of astral research and the reading of the signs on the Pyramids as influences in the decision of races.

The prowess of the animal was apparently an insignificant detail in comparison with the date of its birth.

To foster winner-finding by this method, Siegfried launched a sixpenny illustrated paper named the *London Racing Special*. It also was soon a wreck, and, as usual, no one was paid.

Then came the idea of producing the high-class magazine *Adam*, which was to have been available to the public this month.

The methods and deception he has used to obtain money for its introduction to the public are despicable.

To one man from whom he obtained funds, he stated that he had actually acquired printing works to produce the magazine.

He confessed airily to having liabilities of about £15,000, but declared that after the first few issues a well-known publishing house would buy *Adam* for not less than £50,000.

Worthless cheques

Stocks of elegant stationery and office supplies were obtained, but, of course, neither these nor anything else have been paid for.

Another of the investors was also persuaded by Siegfried to give him introductions to his haberdashers and hatters. So that he might perform his editorial duties properly attired, Siegfried obtained outfits from these firms, but has also neglected to pay for the raiment.

When representations were made to Siegfried on behalf of one young investor whom he had deceived and in regard to the non-payment of rent for his flat, he paid by the simple expedient of inducing a woman member of his staff to write her personal cheque for the sums owing. She has not recovered the money.

Salaries paid by Siegfried to the editorial, advertising and commercial staff of *Adam* have been in the form of worthless cheques.

Some of the employees are destitute and a few days ago they had to sell the office furniture and share the proceeds.

It was then that the editor and proprietor disappeared, leaving behind farewell letters in which he intimated his intention of ending his life. Happily, he only lost his memory.

The editorial offices of *Adam* are now under siege by the bogus Baron de Branca's battalion of creditors.

Reverting to the use of his own name, Sargeant, he has gone into seclusion at Tunbridge Wells to recover from the disability of the missing memory.

WONDER for that CHILD!

HURRY—all you parents, uncles and aunts, you big brothers and sisters. To-day, on pages 4 and 5, John Bull announces a *final* opportunity to secure its greatest Presentation Offer—the new guinea "Wonder Encyclopædia for Children." No application can be accepted after the first post on Thursday, April 13.

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In arranging for this great work to be specially compiled for this Presentation to its readers, John Bull has made certain that it is a volume of inestimable value. It is a lasting and beautiful record of the myriad treasures of knowledge that should be at every child's finger-tips. There are over 300,000 words in large clear type and nearly 1,200 marvellous illustrations.

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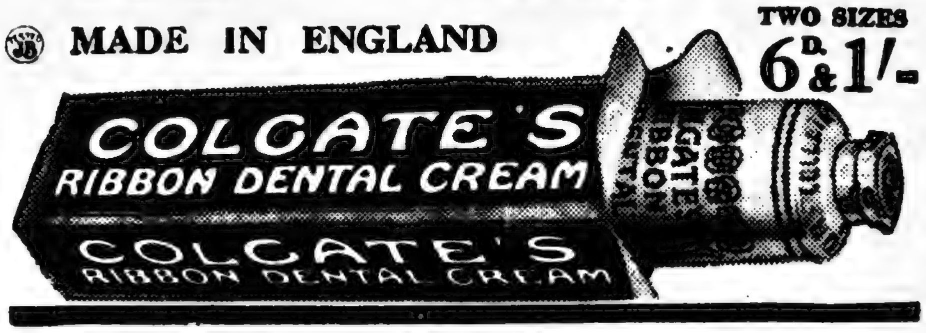

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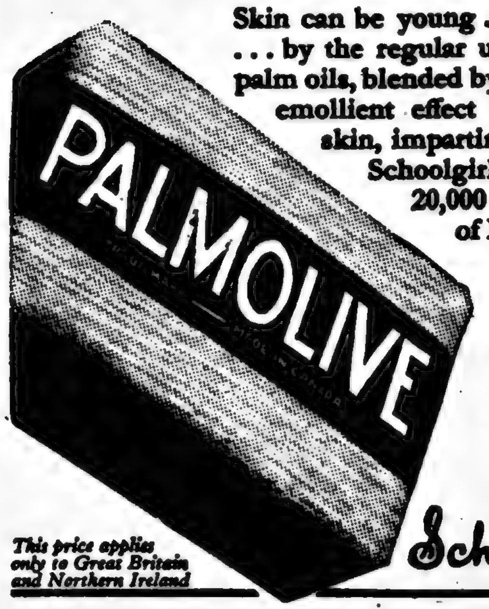

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Savage Sentence on a BOY

A QUESTION was asked in Parliament recently about the severity of a sentence passed upon a twelve-year-old boy by the Bench of the Middlesex borough of Ealing.

For some reason or other this case seems to have escaped publicity, and there is every reason why the facts should be made widely known—not only because of the injustice that has been done to a mere child, but to ensure that such tragedies shall not be repeated.

The victim of this Bench's ruthlessness is little Samuel Woodward, son of George Woodward, a labourer employed by the Great Western Railway, whose home is at 15, Rose Gardens, South Ealing, Middlesex.

He now languishes, a prisoner, in the Stanhope Industrial School, Ashford, Middlesex, under sentence of three and a half years' detention, because, with two other boys, he was party to the theft of foodstuffs valued at 5s. 5d.!

No one—least of all his hard-working parents—would attempt to condone his offence; but 3½ years' detention is a monstrous punishment for what, after all, is only a boyish prank.

Like most of us!

Justice might well have been served had this youngster been placed under the eye of a kindly and understanding probation officer for a time.

Let us consider the facts. Samuel Woodward is a venturesome lad, with all the high spirits one would expect to find in a healthy, normal boy of twelve.

He has played truant from school—as most of us have done in our youth—and has performed the usual pranks that growing boys are likely to do.

It is to his credit that he immediately "owned up" to the theft of the foodstuff.

But the Ealing Bench forthwith remanded this child in custody, apparently holding that the offence was one that required weighty and prolonged consideration.

For three successive weeks he was kept in suspense, parted from his family and detained in Battersea Remand Home.

Then came the ordeal of the final appearance before the magistrates.

All that could be said against him was that he had sometimes played truant and was considered to be a year backward in his learning.

No doubt quite a lot might have been said in his favour; but there was no one to say it. His father could not leave his work to attend the court and his mother lacked the necessary skill for speaking up on her boy's behalf or cross-examining the witnesses who appeared against him.

The magistrates reached the conclusion that the offence with which the youngster was charged had been deliberately planned.

But they blindly overlooked the fact that Sam and his companions *were so guileless as to meet in a hall where forty police officers were assembled in order to share out their spoils!*

M.P. champion

Or did they take this to be further evidence of these childish desperadoes' daring?

The two "accomplices," being younger, were discharged; but Sam, being twelve, was deemed old enough to be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; so the preposterous sentence of three and a half years' detention was passed.

In spite of the fact that Sir Frank Sanderson, M.P., has interested himself in this distressing case and has brought it to the notice of Parliament, he has been unable to secure from the Home Secretary the slightest remission.

And meanwhile the boy's parents are being pressed by the authorities to pay 4s. weekly towards the support of the child who has been torn so cruelly from them!

Their total income is 41s. 6d. a week, out of which 12s. 6d. has to be paid for rent, and there are six other children to be provided for.

This case alone is bad enough, but let us turn for a moment to others, of miscellaneous character, which indicate the manner in which this same Bench dispenses what it imagines to be justice.

Mrs. Woodward, the boy's hard-working mother, lacked the skill necessary for cross-examining the witnesses who appeared against him

Not long ago a young unemployed mechanic was haled before them and charged with loitering. His story that he was looking for a working-man's club was not accepted, because the police said they had been unable to find one in the vicinity.

Fortunately for the prisoner a newspaper reporter present in court was able to stand up and tell the presiding magistrate that there *was* a club in the vicinity, and the prisoner was ultimately discharged. As it was, he was a week in Wormwood Scrubs awaiting a decision.

Another case is that of two labourers who took some lead piping from an old farmhouse in course of demolition. One, aged twenty-three years, was sent to prison for six months; the other, aged twenty, received three months with hard labour. The value of the piping was about 15s.

The same Bench heard the case of Ernest Harrison, a clerk, aged twenty-two, who was brought in by the police suffering from want and exposure. He had eaten nothing for three days when he stole a book from a stall in Paddington.

Variations

No very difficult decision to make here, surely? Yet this poor fellow was kept on remand in prison for a week.

Two men who dared to sell matches in the street were arrested because people sometimes dropped a penny in their trays and didn't take matches. One was discharged; the other fined.

A woman haled up for an identical offence, when she was bravely striving to maintain a war-crippled husband, was remanded for a week.

A young man of spotless character, whose offence was that he took a dog that had been abandoned and cared for it, was sent to jail for seven days!

Men who have sat in the court day by day for years are astonished at the lack of common-sense on the Bench.

The Bench blunders on, dispensing justice with wild inconsistency. The fine of 5s. on Monday becomes 10s. on Thursday. One man escapes with a sentence of three months, while another receives six.

And this is a court in which seven or eight justices sit on one Bench.

Release him!

Here are a few examples of motoring fines, selected at random to show the amazing inconsistency of the Bench's decisions.

A motorist, guilty of driving without due care and attention, ran down a cyclist, rendering him unconscious and smashing his machine. He was fined £5, with £1 1s. costs.

Another, who admitted that he had travelled at thirty miles an hour, though sleepy, ran into a car and killed the driver. He was fined £2, with £2 2s. costs.

A motorist who was summoned in respect of an insurance policy was suspected to be the driver of a car used by thieves. The case was not proven, nor was he even charged with any criminal act or with being a suspect. But he was sent to jail for three months.

These are just a few examples of the achievements of this Bench, whose sentence upon a twelve-year-old boy has now led to a question in Parliament.

Little Samuel Woodward has already suffered terribly for his one trifling lapse, and we urge the Home Secretary to give his case further consideration and to restore the lad to his family without delay.

At the same time, he might well consider the appointment of a Stipendiary in the growing borough of Ealing, that justice may be properly dispensed in future.

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Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

OUR FAULTS

A DISTINGUISHED critic, commenting upon the work of a popular writer, says that the latter has the reputation of being a faithful describer of English character both in its strength and weakness, but that the reputation is not wholly deserved.

No writer, continues this candid critic, has ever yet achieved popularity by telling people the honest truth about themselves. He may tell them of some defects which they don't mind very much, but if he points out their worst qualities they will detest him.

• • •

For instance, asks this discerning gentleman, what French author has ever yet been widely read in his own country who has dared to show the French people what their national vices really are? If he merely says they are excitable and rash they do not resent it; but if he tells them they are stingy and vain (which they are) they will howl for his blood.

No Irishman, he further notes, is greatly perturbed by being depicted as rather unpractical and nobody's enemy but his own; but if any Irish writer were to lay bare Irish vindictiveness, cruelty and lies he had better keep away from Ireland.

We know what happened to Caradoc Evans, a Welshman, when he wrote a play that pilloried Welsh character as a compound of piety and knavery. The English crowded the theatre to enjoy the play, and the Welsh to hiss it.

• • •

And the English, do they like the truth more than other people? Abroad we are often spoken of as hypocrites; and there is just this amount of truth in the accusation, that we have a national habit of closing our eyes to what we don't want to see, and also of persuading ourselves that if a thing is to our advantage it must be morally right.

It is my solemn conviction that, on the whole, we are the most decent-living people on the face of the earth, the kindliest, the most fair-dealing. Friendly outside observers say this of us, and the compliment is not mere flattery. But they see our bad qualities, too, and our enemies are not slow to sneer at them.

They say we are ever ready to fawn upon success, to shout with the crowd, to pretend to admire all the doings of the powerful and highly placed. They accuse us of seldom being sincere in our judgments even with ourselves, and of gaining our ends in selfish ways which we disguise with a cloak of respectability.

I fear we cannot persuade ourselves that all this is slander inspired by envy, though let us hope that some of it is and that the rest is not as bad as it looks.

As individuals we ought to wage relentless war against deceiving ourselves into thinking we are better than we are. What are you most touchy about? Watch that; it is probably what others laugh at you for behind your back.

• • •

Your besetting sin is probably the one you are least ready to acknowledge; you will confess to other faults, but not to that. That in you which causes most harm to yourself and others, and inflicts most pain on those who love you, you try to hide.

Away with it; you are half-way to complete victory over it when you have frankly faced up to it and called it by its right name. The only sound basis of happy and useful life is downright honesty with oneself. You need fear no man's judgment if you are safe with your own.

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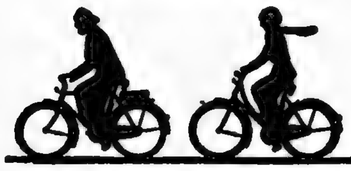

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ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

BLATTIS kills COCKROACHES; extermination guaranteed; world-famed. Tins 1/6, 2/6, 4/6 p.f. Sole Makers, Howarths, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield.

"A NEW Way of Living" is the title of a booklet which will be sent free on application to The Kellogg Co., Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2. Simply send a p.c. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 27.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent FREE to readers filling in coupon on p. 36.

WRITE for Free Gift Book and a "start off" of 5 free "BLACK CAT" Coupons, as offered in the advt. on p. 6.

FREE.—Write for leaflet telling you all about applying "ROBBIALOID," the perfect Cellulose finish, which can be applied by brush or spray. Send a p.c. to Robbialoid Works (Dept. J.B.4), Stratford, E.15. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 24.

EVERY reader ought to have a copy of the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Manfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P6), Hull.

A CHOICE of any three of the following "HARLENE" GIFTS—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. On sending the coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover, free samples and manual of instructions will be sent to readers of *John Bull*. Enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, attach coupon with your name and address, and state which numbers are required.

SLIMMING SIMPLIFIED. The Marmola Co. offer a 2 days' sample and free booklet on p. 33. Simply fill in the coupon.

A FREE PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco, sufficient for a good trial, will be sent on receipt of a p.c. with name and address in block capitals. The offer appears on p. 35.

MAKE your own beer from "VIGGORMALT" treble concentrated extract of rich malt and hops only. Simply add cold water. For full particulars, write Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 4Z, Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SHAVEX-ZEE-KOL offers on p. 39.

"JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."
SEE PAGES 2 & 3.

16-Stone KNAVE'S Lightning COUPS

Supt. Bristow, of Worthing, who would welcome information about this rogue's whereabouts

Mr. A. S. Williams, Chief Constable of West Sussex, in whose area Pontin staged many of his coups

WHEN a man who weighs sixteen stone succeeds in keeping half a dozen bogus businesses running simultaneously and then contrives to evade his victims by doing a lightning vanishing act, he must be acknowledged as a rogue of exceptional calibre.

Yet these achievements, suggesting the combined gifts of a Houdini and a Cinquevalli, can be claimed by a self-styled "business transfer expert" named Alfred E. Pontin.

His victims are to be found in centres like Brighton, Eastbourne, Worthing, Southampton and Reading; yet Pontin, for all his bulk, cannot be found anywhere.

He is described as a hearty, bluff, sporting type of individual, of from sixty to sixty-five years of age, with iron grey hair and rather florid complexion.

Woman dupe

All who have had the misfortune to encounter him testify to his great plausibility, and no one will doubt this on reading the facts we have to disclose.

As the principal of a firm of house, land and estate agents, valuers and surveyors, known as Lloyds, with branches scattered over four counties, Pontin has victimised clients and employees alike in a manner which we can only characterise as despicable.

In spite of his high-sounding trading name, adopted, doubtless, with his tongue in his cheek, Pontin's business methods are anything but A1.

Let us recount the experience of one of his dupes—a woman living in Letchworth, Herts, who first got into touch with his branch at 3, Bath Place, Worthing, Sussex, through an advertisement offering a business for sale.

She proceeded to Worthing, was courteously received at Lloyds' offices and given particulars of a local business which seemed excellently suited to her requirements.

Sudden call

A purchase price was agreed upon, and she then returned to Letchworth and made arrangements for moving to Worthing to take over the business as soon as all the usual formalities of purchase were concluded.

A day or two later a representative of Lloyds called upon her saying that as other business had brought him to her district he thought he would look in and collect her deposit. She trustingly handed him a cheque for £185.

When she proceeded to Worthing again with the intention of taking over her new property she was met with the amazing assertion that the business was not all it had been represented to be.

It was suggested that some further investigation was now desirable, and that if she decided to go on with the transaction it must be on her own responsibility.

Pontin adopted a most fatherly attitude. He couldn't conscientiously allow his client to take over a concern that might not turn out satisfactory. His reputation in the town would suffer if he did.

Disappointed, but fully believing in his sincerity, the woman decided to act on his advice and to leave the transaction in abeyance.

Meanwhile, she was assured that the firm would "look out" for something else.

Excuses

From that time onward she was continually fobbed off with excuses, the agents repeatedly assuring her that they were only waiting for "something good" to come into the market.

At last, her patience exhausted, she made a third journey to Worthing, intending to demand the return of her £185 deposit.

But she had a fruitless mission, for Pontin was not in evidence, and nothing could be done in his absence.

Later, when temporarily in need of money, she did succeed in obtaining a cheque from Pontin for £13. But this generous gesture on his part was of no assistance to her as the cheque was promptly dishonoured!

Imagine this poor woman's dismay when she next discovered that the business of Lloyds had come to a sudden stop and that Pontin had vanished!

All her efforts to trace him and to recover her savings have so far proved vain, and the only consolation that remains for her is the doubtful one of knowing that there are other victims who have suffered still greater losses.

Among them is a business man from South Africa who fell in with Pontin on his return to this country a little while back and was led to believe that "Lloyds" was a flourishing business.

On the strength of Pontin's stories of prosperity he invested £500 in the firm on the understanding that he would be given a post at a salary of £5 a week with the right to withdraw his money at the end of six months if he chose to do so.

Within a few weeks he realised that he had been misled and that the prospects were not nearly so promising as he had been led to believe.

He decided to exercise his privilege and get out of the business at the end of six months. But Pontin vanished during the fifth month, so this victim has lost everything!

From enquiries which we have had made it is clear that Pontin was quite reckless in his methods of conducting this spurious estate agency business.

One example of what we mean is afforded by the lament of one shopkeeper who declares that Pontin "disposed" of his business twice over to different clients, but that he got nothing!

Since Pontin disappeared more than a dozen victims have complained to the local police, alleging that they have lost sums ranging from £150 to £400 in this short-lived venture.

As we have hinted, Worthing is far from being the only scene of the missing man's operations.

He has also established offices in Brighton, Ealing, Southampton, Reading and Eastbourne, and one of his victims in the last-named resort has an illuminating story to tell.

He is a man who moved his family to Worthing to enter into a partnership arrangement under which he was to provide cash in return for tuition under Pontin's guidance.

Left stranded

He had barely got settled before he was informed that he must remove to Eastbourne to take over the branch there. When he demurred, Pontin told him that he was determined to open up at Eastbourne, and would go himself and close the Worthing office altogether.

In the end the partner-pupil arranged to move his family to Eastbourne, and was left stranded there when Pontin decamped! He now realises that he was cleverly "got out of the way."

We earnestly hope that any reader who may be able to furnish information as to Pontin's movements will lose no time in doing so.

DON'T PLUNGE HERE!

A NUMBER of readers have received a "private" circular inviting them to become shareholders in a romantic venture known as Roadside Swimming Pools, Ltd., of 8, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

From it we learn that it is proposed to establish a road-house, with bathing-places and garage facilities at Burgh Heath, overlooking Epsom Downs.

The larger part of the authorised capital of £40,000 is offered for subscription by investors, and the position is described as unique.

It is, in fact, on the highway to Brighton, and the pool to be constructed is to provide space for a thousand bathers. The annual profits are forecast at more than £18,000.

* * *

This new road-house is to be known as "The Blue Lagoon."

As an inducement there are glowing reports of the success of similar swimming-pools and road-houses in other parts of the country.

Not only is Roadside Swimming Pools, Limited, destined, apparently, to acquire a plot of freehold land, but it boasts its purpose of acquiring precisely 95 per cent. of the share capital of two private concerns.

The first of these, called Roadhouse Caterers, Ltd., is stated to be the owner of a freehold restaurant adjoining the site of the proposed bathing-pool.

The second, Ward's Garages (Burgh Heath), Ltd., is said to own the corner premises.

* * *

The three directors named in the "private" circular—Reginald Ward, of Cover Point, Nork Hill, Epsom Downs; Edith Ward, of the same address, and Drummond Brown, of Brighton Road, Burgh Heath—are to be paid £700 a year.

The figures mentioned in the leaflet are as attractive as any usually associated with bathing scenes. The promoters of this romantic venture have, at least, succeeded in compiling some astounding statistics.

Before taking a financial plunge in this swimming-pool scheme investors would do well to ponder certain facts.

No particulars are given of the past earnings of the private limited company, Ward's Garages (Burgh Heath), Ltd., the bulk of whose share capital of £6,000 Roadside Swimming Pools, Ltd., is destined to acquire.

The restaurant is at present closed, and the company claiming to own the freehold, described in the leaflet as Roadhouse Caterers, Ltd., is not yet registered at Somerset House.

The paid-up capital of the swimming-pool company is £2.

Until recently, a firm of local contractors was actually engaged excavating a tank planned to contain a quarter of a million gallons of water.

* * *

The work was commenced, but the contractor has now withdrawn his labour.

The "private" prospectus sadly lacks the information and facts which investors most want to know.

DISASTER in Safety

From this tangled mass of twisted steel that was once the air liner "City of Liverpool" there may be valuable lessons to learn . . .

ANOTHER big air disaster has added to the toll of British aviation, and from it another lesson will, no doubt, be learned that will help to make flying even safer than it has already become.

Just as we were priding ourselves on the infrequency of such disasters—two years having elapsed without one—the luxury air liner, "City of Liverpool," crashed in flames on the old battlefields at Dixmude with a loss of fifteen lives.

And as it did so another instalment was paid of the price of the completely safe, completely foolproof flying that we are bequeathing to the next generation.

In the ceaseless quest for safety in the air—a quest in which brave test pilots, metallurgists, research chemists, and even those who know there is a slightly added risk in going by air and yet don't hesitate to take it, are playing their parts—the lessons learned from grim tragedies have always played a leading part.

The first crash

That is largely why, in twenty years, aviation has changed from a pursuit of ever-present peril to a normal means of travel that is already as safe as some of the older forms of transport.

It was as a result of accidents that we learned the first rudiments of flying.

The first man who crashed to his death at the base of a cliff with a pair of crude wings strapped to his shoulders taught the Wright brothers many things to avoid, and so played his part in the evolution that has produced the air Argosies of to-day.

And the battle for safety in the air still goes on . . . Major Cooper, Inspector of Accidents to the Air Ministry, and the other experts who accompanied him to France to examine the wreckage of the "City of Liverpool," are reading in the pathetic little bits of wire and wood and steel they recovered the lesson that will help to prevent such a disaster ever happening again.

Those who fly in comparative safety to-day are apt to forget how much we owe to poor old Colonel Cody, who, by crashing time and time again in his man-lifting box-kites, and falling to his death at last in an aeroplane of his own building, solved many of the early problems of aerodynamics.

Or how much we owe to Graham Gilmour, whose machine disintegrated in the air some years before the war, and to the yokel who, seeing it crash, had the intelligence to notice that it seemed to make a flat fall before it did so, "as if it struck a space with no air in it"? From that the experts deduced that there were such things as air pockets, and then began research that led to some revolutionary improvements in flying craft.

But it is in the last three years that aviation has made its greatest strides—due not to a greater number of accidents, for they are becoming fewer and fewer, but to improved research following a crash.

A giant air liner in construction. Every disaster that occurred in the past has left a legacy to make this machine more safe and reliable

Death spin

Two years ago we were horrified by the death of six people in a disaster at Meopham, in Kent—among them Viscount Dufferin and Ava, Lady Ednam, Sir Edgar Ward and Mrs. Loeffler—when the machine in which they were flying appeared to twist itself into two halves and spill its cargo of human souls to the earth beneath.

To the non-expert it was a terrible loss of human lives and nothing more. To the experts who rallied round the wreckage, who found it, as always, carefully guarded by police so that no one should touch it until they had removed tell-tale clues from the *debris*, it was something else as well.

Parts of the wreckage were taken, as always, to the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, and the Air Ministry's own research station at Farnborough, for examination. And soon models of the ill-fated machine were undergoing all the tests to which the actual plane was
mitted in its last moments.

Not until the research was
pleted was it discovered that
certain tests the tails of the
aeroplanes shook up and dow
the same way that the tail
schoolboy's kite shakes in ce
circumstances. Yet it neede
Meopham accident to call atte
to the perils of "tail buffeting,
to set the experts at work find
solution.

Another lesson was learned
in 1929, Captain Woodbridge
was the only man to bring dow
German "ace," Richthofen,
the war, found himself compel
make a night landing at Ja
Persia, when bringing a mail
from India to England.

Twice he circled the lonely
drome, seeking all the time to
trate the growing gloom by the
of his wing-tip flares, when an
thing happened. From the
wing came a gush of flame
spread in a second to the
machine.

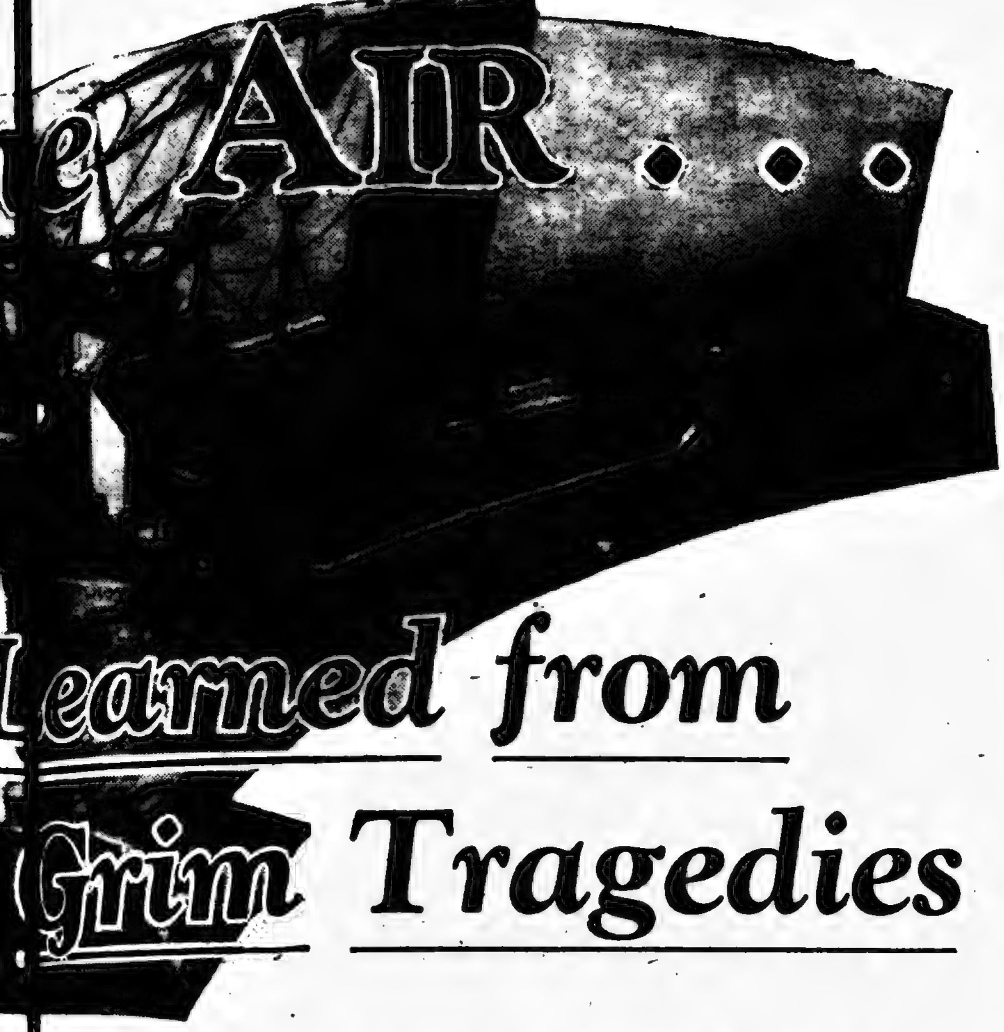
Woodbridge, leaving his b
cockpit, found there were
people in the machine,
plunged back into the infer
their rescue. He and two othe
their lives, and two others
injured.

Fatal leak

That tragedy revealed to t
perts a danger hitherto unsus
and resulted in it being ma
possible in future for petrol
down the wing of an aeropl
the wing-tip, there to find
that would set the whole m
ablaze.

Even the simplest defects
often evaded notice until the
an accident to draw attent
them.

When two brave Britons fl
Atlantic just after the war,
of adventurous young men o
sides of the Atlantic itched t
late them. Some—like Lindb
succeeded in doing so. Oth
out in the finest possible ma
with what seemed to be ad



e AIR . . .

earned from Grim Tragedies

Major Cooper, Inspector of Accidents to the Air Ministry, "is studying pathetic little bits of wire and wood . . ."

supplies of petrol—and were never seen again.

Still more of them just struggled across—and lived to hazard a shrewd guess as to why those who had failed had gone to their doom. "My filter started to choke," they said. "Another few miles and I'd have got no petrol at all. That's what must have happened to So-and-so."

Well, why did petrol filters choke so frequently on long-distance flights? The petrol was clean enough. It was not till a machine that failed was examined that the reason was found.

Orlebar's ordeal

The silt in the filter was mud, a strange, sticky kind of mud that never came from petrol. Expert examination soon showed it to be the result of petrol forcing at high pressure through the flexible joints of pipes for hours at a time, and taking the inner surface of the flex with it.

To-day aeroplanes have copper pipes instead—and filter trouble has been ruled out for ever.

One machine that failed—only a few weeks ago—did not disappear beneath the waves. It floated in mid-Atlantic for eight days with Mr. Hausmer, its pilot, sitting on top of it. And the Air Ministry has commissioned one of its experts to find out why, so that out of this accident with a happy ending discoveries may be made that will save other lives in future.

And here we can reveal for the first time a fact about the recent flight of Miss Amy Johnson to Cape Town and back. . . .

When Squadron-Leader Orlebar was practising for the last Schneider Trophy race, he asked for certain small changes in design that he thought would give improved speed. They were at once carried out. But when he went up next time every part of his seaplane shook violently, and for a moment Orlebar was flung about the tiny cockpit and bruised all over.

It is probable that there are not ten pilots in the world who could have got out of such a nightmare. But, as it happened, Orlebar was one of the ten.

Soon the experts were round the machine. Something had been done, in that last-minute alteration, that might shake other machines to pieces. And they found out that to avert a disaster it was necessary to weight the rudder controls of the machine with pellets of lead.

But it was not until Miss Amy Johnson had reached Capetown recently, and was to begin her return flight, that the experts made their discovery, and found there were thousands of machines in the world likely, in certain circumstances, to develop the same trouble as Orlebar had to contend with. And Amy Johnson's machine was one of them.

At once the order was issued by the Ministry that certain rudder changes were to be made in these aeroplanes within ten days. A cable was sent to Miss Johnson, instructing her to have these changes made before she took off. Hence the delay in her return to England.

Another lesson had been learned.

Still another, deduced from fatal fires, led to the insistence on fireproof bulkheads between engines and the rest of an aeroplane.

Fire peril

The crash of an air-liner into the sea off Dungeness, with loss of life, taught our air authorities to insist on three engines for any passenger machine crossing the sea—any two of which were capable of keeping the machine flying.

It was a previous crash into the Channel that led them to insist that this strip of water should be crossed at such a height that a machine could glide to safety.

Because an engine whirled itself to pieces, and so caused loss of life, they found out how to make more or less unbreakable connecting rods and design engines that would not disintegrate under the strains to which aero-engines are subjected.

Because certain types of light machines seemed to meet "unknown forces" when flying under certain cloud formations we investigated, found out what those forces were, and so took an immense step forward in charting the air as we have charted the sea.

And then, again, because control cables broke in mid-air, we soon prescribed seven-strand cables that should stand any strain.

Quite recently a young woman was killed in an accident to a private machine. The experts read the whole story of the tragedy from the *debris.*

Where the cable passed under the rear passenger seat it was impossible to keep it under proper observation, and therefore impossible to watch for any signs of wear. Furthermore, it was impossible to reach it and make some desperate effort to remedy matters if it broke in mid-air.

"All such back seats must be made removable in future," the order went forth. A small thing. A thing we might have thought about before, perhaps. But it is easy to be wise after the event.

We learn best by experience—and experience is usually accident.

We get many ideas in the workshop and the laboratory, but they never seem quite as good as those gained by hard and sometimes cruel experience.

In such a way we thought of petrol tanks that could be made to drop off in the air in case of fire, of aeroplane floors that would roll away and so drop the passengers at the end of parachutes to which they were already tethered.

But imagine a petrol tank dropping in the heart of a town, or twenty passengers being accidentally released over mid-Channel! What such ideas lack, obviously, is the knowledge gained of hard experience.

Learn how to avoid fire. Learn how to make aeroplanes so safe that there will be no need to tip passengers through the floor. It is such things as these that we are being taught, gradually, but certainly, by air accidents.

"Sand devils"

Because there are such things as "sand devils" in the desert, fierce upward gusts that impose tremendous stresses on any machine unfortunate enough to get in one, we have learnt how to make wings for quite medium-sized machines that will endure eight-ton strains without breaking.

Because seaplanes have "porpoised" to disaster, we have learned how to make machines that do not imitate this undesirable trick of the sea pig.

The pilot of a big passenger machine put out his hands and touched two sides of his cabin at once. He was flung to the ground by an electric shock.

The cause was soon discovered. An aeroplane passing through storm clouds can receive their electrical discharge and become charged with electricity; the passengers feel no discomfort because there is no earth connection.

But in this case two different parts of the machine had received different charges, and the higher, seeking to jump to the lower charge, did so through the pilot's body.

As a result of research, the "bonding" of the metal parts of a machine that might cause an accident in this way was introduced that has obviated this danger.

One tragedy responsible for structural improvements in aeroplanes was that resulting in the death of Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian financier, who fell out of his private machine over the North Sea.

Had he opened the side door of the cabin to get air and been blown out by the through-draught? Or had he leaned against the door, believing the rush of air outside would be sufficient to keep it closed, and, being mistaken in this belief, fallen to his doom?

There were many such possibilities —and the experts actually examined them by going up in the machine and trying, when suitably tethered, to fall out in all these different ways.

To-day, as a result, passengers in every passenger aeroplane in the world are safeguarded against the danger of a door opening accidentally, different countries having different ways of ensuring it.

Every wire, every turnbuckle, every strut you find on the modern aeroplane, has on it a hall-mark of safety imposed by the Fate that has given us accidents.

The unsolved problems of flying are being narrowed down to very few, and correspondingly fewer accidents are to be expected in the future.

A man who thinks flying is still dangerous has obviously not studied the recent figures, has failed to notice that until the other day two years had elapsed without a fatal accident to one of our air liners.

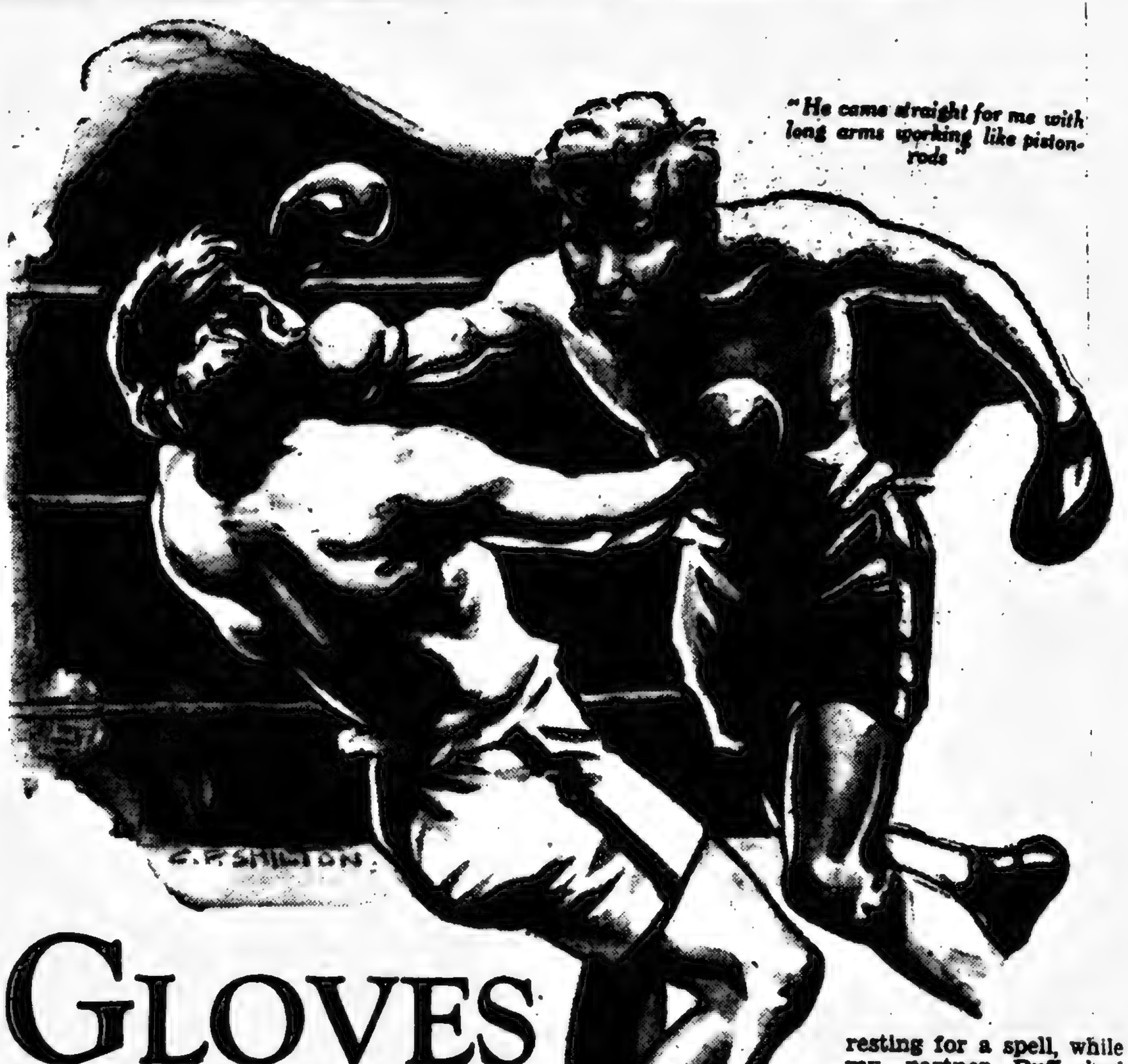
The last problem

Then, again, the modern parachute is enabling us to solve what few problems remain without human sacrifice—thanks to those Air Force heroes at the experimental station at Martlesham Heath who will deliberately invite disaster in a machine, and then jump at the last minute when they have all the data they require.

They are already at grips with what is now the only really big problem of flight still left—the combination of circumstances that makes it hard to get certain machines out of a spin.

That is why there is reason to hope that accidents of the kind that shocked Britain last week will become fewer and fewer.

"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—30



"He came straight for me with long arms working like piston-rods"

GLOVES ON with Two World-Beaters

"I HAVE wandered into many odd corners in my time and have followed a variety of pursuits. Yet looking back through the years, I always get a thrill when I recall that I once had the unique experience of boxing with two champions in a single night!

It sounds like a "fairy tale," eh? It's quite true, all the same.

It all happened at Timaru, a flourishing little town in the South Island of New Zealand, as far back as 1882.

One of the champions was Jem Mace, who took the title after the great little Tom Sayers and Heenan retired; the other champion was—but wait, I'll tell you that later.

Before I come to that I'd like to tell you of my very first meeting with Jem Mace.

The circumstances of the encounter were rather amusing.

It was on the old Roodee, the Chester Racecourse, on a Cup day.

I was only a youngster at the time, not much more than seven. We used to go to the races in style in those days, and my father had brought a large party over from Liverpool to join some Chester friends.

As I have hinted, I have always been a wanderer, and that day, young as I was, I strayed away by myself, with the inevitable result that I was very soon lost in the surging crowds.

A big boxing-booth finally attracted me. I forgot all about the time, and when I struggled out of the tent the racing was all over, and the prospect of finding my father and his party was well-nigh impossible.

I searched and searched in vain, and was realising rather nervously that I was lost. No doubt I looked lost, for my woebegone countenance soon attracted the attention of a passing stranger.

"Hullo, young sir!"—a big but kindly voice from a big man made me jump round and look up. "Have you lost your friends? Come, shall we have a look for them together?"

THE kindliness in the voice reassured me.

I regained my confidence at once, and hand in hand we went here, there and everywhere, but my friends had gone.

"Now, don't get scared, young sir, just come along with me, and we'll soon put you all right," said my burly benefactor, and with that we left the course and walked into the city.

On the way the big man questioned me, asking my name and particulars of my address.

At length we went along a passage off the Old Rows and down some steps into a crowded café. A chorus of "Hullo, Jem," greeted our entrance, and it soon dawned on me that my rescuer was none other than Jem Mace, the famous champion.

Youngster though I was, I had heard of Jem Mace, but I could hardly believe that this quietly spoken man, in his silk hat and tightly buttoned frock-coat, was the great champion. In my childish mind I had entertained lurid pictures of a giant knocking men over like ninepins.

"Now, young sir, just take a seat over here," said Jem kindly. "I dare say you are feeling a bit hungry by now. I'll send to tell your friends where you are, and that you'll be quite safe and well looked after until they send for you. So set to and you'll feel yourself again. Don't worry, sonny; your friends won't be long."

Jem was right. I had barely finished my poached eggs on toast when my father turned up, and, well—everything was all right again.

Well, those are the circumstances of my first meeting with Jem, and seventeen years were destined to elapse before I met him again.

Quite a lot had happened to me in those intervening years; they had been fairly eventful. I had wandered and adventured.

I had become a decent all-round athlete, international footballer, more than passable quarter and half miler, good rider, something of a sculler, and at 10 st. was considered at the gym. the equal at least of any at my weight.

I HAD finally forsaken the "law" for the "stage," and after a brief spell—exciting enough while it lasted—in the Cape Mounted Police at the time of the First Majuba (1881) had reached New Zealand, and had recently, with my partner, concluded a tour of the Islands with the Gerald and Duff Dramatic Company.

I was in Dunedin, in the South Island, resting for a spell, while my partner Duff had gone over to Melbourne to find another attraction to exploit, when Jem Mace, retired champion of the world, arrived with his boxing "outfit." It included Professor Miller, champion Greek-Roman wrestler, Monsieur Victor and others.

I wondered if Jem would remember me; it seemed hardly possible. I had been only a kid when I met him before, and it was seventeen years ago. In any case, I decided to make myself known to him.

Jem was staying at Wain's Hotel. I strolled in that evening and found him and a party of sporting friends in the lounge.

The talk was general—boxing, racing, sculling, etc.—and at last the opportunity I had waited for came, and I asked Jem when he had last seen the race for the "Chester Cup."

"The Chester Cup," said Jem. "Funny you should ask that, young sir; it just happens that Chester is one of the few meetings I have missed of late years. Why, I haven't seen a Chester Cup since—when was it?—why, it must be fifteen or sixteen years ago — must be."

"Might be seventeen years, eh?" I said.

JEM looked hard at me and said, "Yes, sir; I dare say it was."

"Do you remember anything particular that happened that day?"

Jem's face wore a puzzled look. "Can't say that I do, sir, at the moment."

"You were running a boxing-booth there, eh?"

"So I was," Jem replied quickly: "but how do you know that?"

By this time all those standing round were eagerly listening and wondering what was coming.

I continued: "When the racing was over you picked up a small boy who had wandered away from his friends and got lost."

"Why, so I did," cried Jem, very excited by now; "but how the——"

Not noticing the interruption, I went on:

"You naturally wouldn't remember the boy after all these years, but you

(Continued on page 26)

"BETTER BUY BOLENIUM Super-Overalls, BILL"—with the Buckle that can't slip!

The new Bolenium Non-Slip Buckle ensures perfect comfort under the most strenuous conditions. It is the latest refinement to Britain's Best Overalls—the overalls that never let you down—Boleniums. Built for the man with a tough job of work to do . . .

EXTRA STRONG GREASE-PROOF MATERIAL

SEAMS DOUBLE-SEWN WITH 16 BOOT THREAD

NEW NON-SLIP BUCKLE. BUTTONS DETACHABLE FOR WASHING.

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Worn by the man who knows

Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

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TURN RIGHT

TURN shabbiness into smartness the RIGHT way

IT'S high time to change your cycle's shabbiness into sleek, shining smartness—and what about the motor-bike, the sidecar and the car too? It's not difficult; it's not costly; it's just a matter of turning to the right material. Invest your machine with new beauty by investing in Brushing Robbialoid. This economical cellulose finish makes retouching or complete renovation a fascinating satisfactory job. Brushing Robbialoid flows on easily yet dries before dust has time to settle. Once hard, it will not crack, chip or peel, nor can rain, grease, oil or mud affect its glossy diamond-hard surface.

BRUSHING The Perfect Cellulose Finish for Cycles, Motor Cycles and Cars.

ROBBIALOID

In Black, White and all Popular Colours. FROM 9D

THE "TWO-WAY" SPRAY MAKES PAINTING PLAY.

The Robbialoid hand spray is so designed that it emits a continuous stream of spray, the plunger operating on both the backward and forward strokes.

No. 1. Robbialoid spraying outfit is complete with hand spray, Robbialoid Spraying Cellulose and thinners. From all dealers 6/6

FREE: Leaflets tell you all about applying Robbialoid by Brush or Spray. Send postcard for whichever you want. Robbialoid Works (Dept. J.B.4), Stratford, E.15.

Pumps both ways, Sprays always

TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEARD . . .

To smooth the rough and clear the morning bracken without pain ; to mellow the Grampian crags to Downland softness: that is the task that JIF performs with luscious ease. JIF gives you millions of soothing, smoothing bubbles to do a great task at little cost—SIXPENCE !

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STICK OR CREAM
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THE SHAVE THAT SAVES THE SHEKELS!
P/3/364

Don't WASTE the spring days ahead

. . . ride a BIKE !

A good cycle can enrich your experience without hurting your pocket! With a Raleigh, for example, every week-end can be a new and exciting holiday—and one for which you needn't "save up."

The RALEIGH costs £4.19.6—little more than the lowest priced bicycle.

Yet RALEIGH DESIGN and QUALITY are UNEQUALLED. The All-Steel construction, rich enamelling, heavier chromium plating and special exclusive refinements have made RALEIGH a name apart in cycling—the standard by which all others are judged.

RALEIGH RELIABILITY, again, is universally recognised. Increased sales of 81% last year prove it. The superior resources of the LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED cycle factory in the World explain it.

Make no mistake about it, the Raleigh is this much better—it's a bicyle you will be *proud* to own.

From £4.19.6 or 9/7 monthly (no deposit) fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra. Send postcard for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," and name and address of nearest dealer.

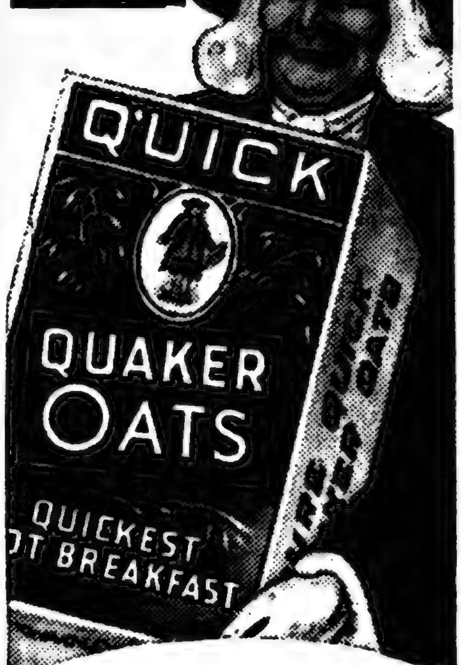
Don't WASTE ENERGY . . . . ride a

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM. LONDON
41, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1 Depots and Agents everywhere.

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy.

The quickest way to save time and money



Lack of time needn't make your family go without a hot breakfast. *Quick* Quaker Oats.... ready in 3 or 4 minutes .... is the world's quickest hot breakfast.... the most economical, too.

Quaker Oats, milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, is rich in everything essential to health and vitality.

Imitations of Quaker Oats sometimes look the same, but they never taste the same. For flavour, nourishment and economy Quaker Oats is in a superior class of its own; those who have used Quaker Oats know this—a trial packet will convince you.

Quaker Oats is sold only in sealed packets, which not only preserve the special flavour, but protect from dust, taint and other impurities.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA

Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

Facing the Fury of the "BOY WONDER"

Continued from page 24

got in touch with his friends. Would you remember the address you sent to if you heard it?"

"It was Liverpool, I know that," said Jem "I sent a message to somewhere in Liverpool—the kid's father gave me a tenner. I don't forget that—must have been a decent old sport."

"It was Drayton House, Liverpool. Don't puzzle your brains any more, Jem," said I. "I was the 'little nipper.' How are you, Jem?"

I don't suppose any description of the scene that followed is wanted here—you will readily imagine it.

The outcome of this strange second meeting was that I joined up with Jem and his boxing troupe. I trained hard for three weeks, Jem giving me special coaching and lessons every day. Then I started.

My job was to take on anyone from the audience about my own weight, and many a time I had had quite enough of it by the end of the two rounds stipulated.

The evening's entertainment always concluded with a "cod" bout between Jem and myself.

JEM would pull me on to the stage by my ear, and say something like this:

"Gentlemen, my young friend Frank here has had a lot of hard knocks to-night, and I'm just going to give him one or two more to take home with him!"

Then, letting me go and shaping up at me, he would add: "No, it's all right; he's a good lad, and I'm going to give him a sovereign if he can touch me on the face. That right, Frank?"

"Good enough," said I always; "I'm on a quid for nothing."

Most judges of boxing will agree with me that Jem Mace was the smartest and quickest heavyweight the world ever saw, so my chance of landing even one blow on his face was very small.

Jem was a good soul, though, and had taken a great liking to me. Towards the end of the second and last round he would always leave an opening for me—then he would shake hands and give me the sovereign.

When our season in Dunedin was finished, we travelled on to Oamaru and "showed" two weeks there. Then we pushed on again to Timaru, and at Timaru I met the other World Champion, with whom I was destined to box.

It happened this way:

One day Jem and I were having a stroll when he said: "They tell me there's a clever lad round here in a tent; shall we go and have a look at him?"

"Why not?" said I, and we soon found the tent and the youthful prodigy,

Bob Fitzsimmons

locally known as "The Boy Wonder." We saw him having a "go" and giving away a lot of weight, and he certainly was "some lad."

"Pretty smart, isn't he?" said Jem.

"He is that," I agreed with enthusiasm.

"If we have him round at the show to-night will you have a go with him?"

"I suppose so," I said, my enthusiasm melting a little. And so it was settled.

In the evening "The Boy Wonder" came round to the theatre, followed by about half the town—for the youth was a "draw."

THE house was packed. We fixed up my new opponent with some togs (his own were a bit "frayed"), and he came into the ring looking the real thing.

He got a tumultuous reception—his pals were there to a man. Jem introduced him as "The Boy Wonder," and we went to our corners.

"The Wonder" was at least 3 in. taller than me, thin as a lath, a herring-gutted youth, with long arms hanging down to his knees. Taking stock of him from my corner I realised that I was up against something formidable. Then the referee shouted "Time!"

Well, I had no more time for thinking. "The Boy Wonder" was at me like a fury. No wasting unnecessary moments over the handshake; he came straight for me with long arms working like the piston-rods of an engine; I didn't stand an earthly chance; he drove me round the ring before him, while his friends in front yelled themselves hoarse.

"Go it, Wonder! Give it him, boy! Knock 'is 'ed off!"

And when their young champion landed me a stiff one and sent me staggering against the ropes I thought the roof had fallen in! Would the round never end? Had the referee gone to sleep or had his watch stopped, I wondered.

I did my best, but it was a poor best at that. I covered up all I could, clinching as much as I dare, but all the same the Boy had all but knocked me out when at last came "Time" from the referee, and I flopped into my corner.

Jem came whispering words of counsel to me. "Be ready for him this time; he'll rush you again. Sidestep him, use your feet and your head. Don't let him get you on the run or he'll whack you."

"Time."

I was ready, and this time he came at me again, but I wasn't there. He went flying past and got a real beauty from me on the side of his jaw as he went!

That altered things. From then on the fight became a little more level. He didn't have it all his own way; we stood in the centre of the ring and just belted each other until "Time" came once more from the referee.

WE shook hands and Jem came into the ring and congratulated us both, and then he handed "The Wonder" a little bag of money that seemed to please him very much.

Jem made a little speech, and then we heard the name of the prodigy for the first time.

It was Bob Fitzsimmons!

Of course, it conveyed nothing to us at the time. Bob was born in Cornwall and was taken out to New Zealand by his parents when an infant, and years later Jem Mace discovered him, as I have related, in Timaru.

I little thought that night that the herring-gutted youth who walloped me round the ring was one day going to fight Jim Corbett for the Championship of the World—aye, and win it, too!

Well, we wound up the evening with the little "cod" bout between Jem and myself, for which I received my usual £1.

So that is how I had the privilege of meeting two world champions in the ring in one night!

NEXT WEEK:—*A reader tells of the part he played in investigating a murder mystery in India.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

Halifax Daily Courier:—"He had certainly found it to be a wise action when he went over the BOARDER for a wife, to South Yorkshire."

Sunday Times:—"All this looking before and after is to me as intolerable as a new WINK to St. Paul's Cathedral."

Farnworth Weekly Journal:—"Then HEAT with a fork."

Midland Daily Tribune:—"The disarmament commission was going to JAIL or succeed."

Belfast Daily Telegraph:—"The mother is MR. BROWN."

Northampton Chronicle and Echo:—"Last December he married a young woman AND TWO CHILDREN."

Daily Express:—"A Permanent VACANCY occurs."

Star:—"The passengers had to WAIL until they could be accommodated in following cars."

Ireland's Own:—"He fell over the steep from a dizzy height, and was WASHED to pieces."

Brighouse Free Press (Advertisement):—"I guarantee to make a JOB last a LIFE-TIME."

Stockport Advertiser:—"For keeping a dog without a DRIVING licence."

News Chronicle:—"Keane felt ——'s small FIN on his right wrist."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Despairing Cry

Edward

"ALL I want is work. If I could get work then everything would be changed" is the despairing cry of Edward's ex-Service dad. "I would sooner," he added, "go through another war than go through what I am going through now. Every day it is the same. We wake up worried and look all round to see if there is anything we can sell and get a shilling for."

Here is the exact position of Edward's family: The father, who was recommended to us by someone in high authority who has known him for several years as "a respectable and decent man," has been out of work for over two years. He receives 29s. 3d. a week transitional benefit, which may cease at any time.

His sixteen-year-old eldest son has recently come out of a sanatorium and is unfit for work. There are three other children, aged ten, seven and three years.

His wife is suffering from general debility. She looks ill and in need of nourishing food. But for the fact that Edward and the other two children are now given free dinners at school they would be starved.

"That is how I fell in arrears with my rent," explained their father. "I could not let the children go hungry, and now I find I have done the worst thing of all."

The "worst thing of all" is that he is faced with a court order to quit their rooms, because, under a previous order, to save their home, he agreed to pay five shillings a week off his arrears on top of his rent of 11s 8d., bringing the weekly rental to 16s. 8d., which, out of 29s. 3d., he found he could not keep up, as his invalid son needed care.

It is to enable him to get clear of this rent nightmare of about £6 owing that we appeal to our readers for help, which should be earmarked for Edward.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

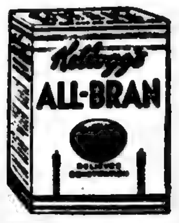
You'd never believe he'd been a GRADE "C" man!

Do *you* belong to Grade "C"—the large number of people who lack energy, vitality and enthusiasm because of Constipation?

Thousands are suffering from this modern menace—and needlessly, for without harmful pills or drugs you can find complete relief.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—one of the most delicious cereal foods in the world—is a gentle but certain laxative. It is 100% bran and is rich in Vitamin B and blood-building iron. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily. No cooking required. Get a packet today!

FREE! "A New Way of Living," a complete booklet on constipation. Illustrated in full colour. Send a postcard today.



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ALL-BRAN

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Bush House, London, W. C. 2

198

Introducing

a new tyre for the Club rider

The DUNLOP SPRITE

The new Dunlop Sprite is an open-sided cover with a black tread pattern consisting of fifteen fine circumferential ribs.

It is remarkably light, weighing 2¼ ozs. less than other Dunlop road racing covers. It is really fast, exceedingly lively, and does not tend to throw mud.

Rolling resistance is reduced to a minimum and the fine ribs prevent side slip. Ideal for use with Elektron rims.

Made in
two sizes
26" x 1¼"
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Cover 7/6

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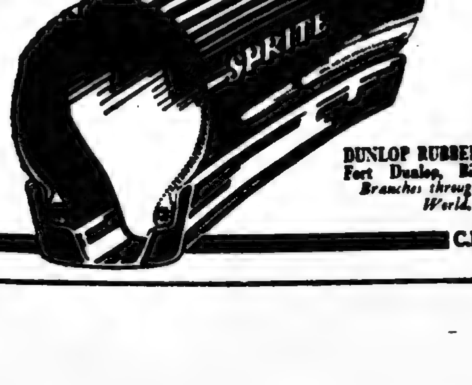
DUNLOP
again leads with
THE tyre for the
Club rider.



DUNLOP RUBBER Co. Ltd.
Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
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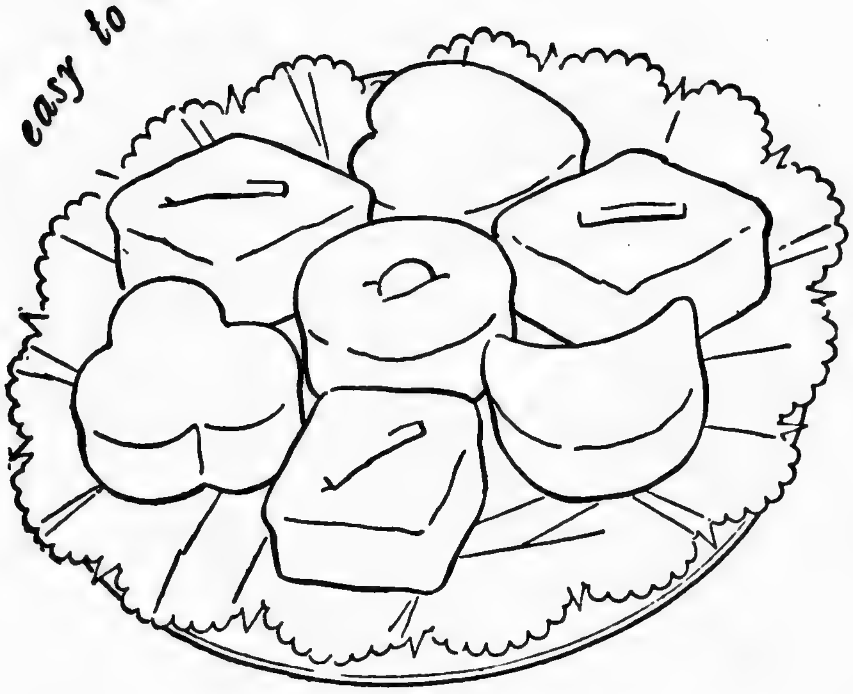
Bridge Party Cakes
Tea Party Cakes

easy to make with STORK



THE next time you have friends coming in to tea wouldn't it be nice to give them something quite different from the usual five o'clock spread? Little iced cakes made and iced by *you* for example. Try the Queen Cakes or Sponge Drops from the Stork Cookery Book, iced with chocolate, pink and pale green icing. The icing is perfectly easy to make with Stork and icing sugar beaten together. Not only do these cakes look very festive and very gay, they *taste* so good! Stork gives them such a nice buttery crispness.

QUEEN CAKES RECIPE

Use 2 eggs with their own weight in Stork, castor sugar and flour, 1 small teaspoonful baking powder and 1 teaspoonful vanilla essence. Bake in greased queen-cake tins from 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven.

STORK MARGARINE

per 8D *pound*

JB 174-71

Guard them well
—these last few weeks of winter.

Give them SCOTT'S Emulsion, the complete food tonic. They need it to be fit to meet the double strain of growing and learning. It makes them well, it keeps them well, but it must be genuine

Scott's Emulsion

eyes brighter, skin clearer

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Constipation

is THOROUGHLY

removed this safe, pleasant way

YOU'LL LIKE THE FRESH MINT FLAVOUR

Feen-a-mint is pleasant to take, natural in action. It is not habit-forming; causes no strain, no griping. And children love it.

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:
White s Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. F.3),
15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

The eternal triangle again! . . . "We love each other . . . yet we do not wish to ta'e advantage of my brother's downfall . . ."

IN LOVE with his Brother's Girl

A FATHER called to see me the other day about his son who was leaving school. He wanted to find an opening for him. And he backed up his application by saying: "The lad's not brilliant. But he's a steady plodder, and he's *loyal to the core.*"

Loyal to the core! What a fine trait in anyone's character. For if treachery is one of the seven deadly sins, loyalty is certainly one of the seven live virtues.

In my post-bag there come many letters from those who are at war with their conscience. And all because, deep down, they want to be loyal—and are finding it very difficult.

Here is a letter that comes from a young fellow in the West Country:

"A year ago my brother became engaged to a very attractive girl, who came frequently to the house and was received by us all as one of the family. As time went on I found I had fallen madly in love with her, but, for my brother's sake, I tried to treat her like a sister.

"Some months ago my brother got into trouble and received a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment. His girl, although feeling the disgrace keenly, still came to visit us.

"The other evening when we were alone together, she opened her heart to me. She said that whilst she was deeply sorry for my brother, it was I whom she really loved.

"What can we do? We love each other, and cannot be happy apart. And yet we do not want to be disloyal. Nor do we want to take advantage of my brother's downfall. We are willing to do whatever you say."

The eternal triangle again! And with its usual consequences. Someone is bound to suffer, whichever course is taken.

A young man has committed a wrong, and is now paying the penalty for it. What are likely to be his feelings if, when he comes out of prison, he finds that the girl he loved and the brother he trusted have betrayed him?

It is quite probable that he will go from bad to worse and become a confirmed criminal. And how could my correspondent and his girl enjoy real happiness if they had that on their conscience?

The honest way

The only decent course is to wait until the brother is released from prison and then, when he has had a little time to get on his feet again, the girl should tell him frankly that her feelings have changed towards him.

I say "get on his feet again" because, after his present experience, he will naturally find things strained and difficult. And a further blow might prove a serious setback to his chances of making good.

After a time there is no reason whatever, providing their affections remain unchanged, why my correspondent and the girl should not become engaged. By then the brother may have become reconciled to the position and be the first to wish them happiness.

* * *

And here is my second letter, which presents me with a very serious problem. It comes from a married woman, and is written from a hospital bed.

"I am just recovering from the effects of an operation, and I now know that I have been seriously ill. I really ought to have been home by now, but my recovery has been hindered by worry. One of my neighbours, who begged me not to give her away, told me that my husband has been 'carrying on' with some other woman.

"It would have been bad enough if I had been well, but to do such a thing when I have been at death's door is unbearable. I don't feel as if I shall ever be able to go home and live with him again, and I wonder what steps I ought to take to get a separation."

Trouble-maker

I have nothing but sympathy for this woman. I have nothing but contempt for that "neighbour" who has tried to create trouble. She, I think, is the real villain of the piece.

Why do I say that? If it is true that the husband has been disloyal to his wife during her time of grave illness, he does not deserve nor would he receive any quarter from me. But that neighbour has erred gravely in two ways.

She has no business whatever to make an accusation against a man unless she is prepared to substantiate it. And yet she begs that my correspondent "will not give her away." Secondly, it was the essence of cruelty to carry gossip to a woman dangerously ill. It might have led to her death.

My correspondent asks my advice about obtaining a separation. I think, before she takes any such step, she should hear her husband's side of the story. After all, he may be perfectly innocent.

Be patient . . .

But, even if he isn't, I counsel my correspondent not to do anything in a hurry. She is in hospital. She has had a serious operation. And everyone knows that, after such an experience, depression can magnify the tiniest details and give them enormous and wrong proportions.

Just now, she is seeing the world through dark-coloured glasses. My advice to her is to wait. Let her return to normal health again, and then she will feel able to see her trouble in its right perspective, and to deal with it accordingly.

* * *

I have dealt with loyalty between a man and his girl, and between a husband and his wife. And now, between a man and his employer. Here is the letter:

"When I was a lad I was apprenticed to my uncle, as a tailor, and I worked for him until he died some years ago. He left the business to his wife and two daughters, who, of course, know nothing of the actual trade. They pay me only 1s. 4d. an hour, and, for this, I do everything—cutting, fitting, managing and serving.

"Recently business has declined, and I think it is because we are not sufficiently up to date. But, when I tell them, they only say, 'It was all right in your uncle's time,' and will not listen to me.

"Now, in my spare time, I have started to do some work at home, and the experience proves that I could do really well in a business of my own. But I feel a certain amount of loyalty to the firm. After all, I have been there for twenty-two years. And yet, I have my wife and two children to consider. What would you do?"

What would *I* do? I should make quite sure that the business is declining because of the old-fashioned methods used, and not simply because of the industrial depression that is affecting most concerns to-day. Then, if I were sure of my ground, I would go to my relations and give them this alternative:

Loyalty begins . . .

"You admit," I would say, "that you don't know anything about the business, and yet you won't listen to my advice about improving it. Well, if you persist in your obstinacy you must find someone else to manage your shop for you."

That should bring them down to bedrock at once.

If these terms are refused my correspondent need have no qualms in leaving his relations and concentrating on building up the business which he has started.

After all, as he rightly points out, he has not only himself but his wife and children to consider.

And loyalty to them must come even before loyalty to an old firm.

PHILIP INMAN, JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," is always ready to help our readers with their problems. Send your troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted on this page.

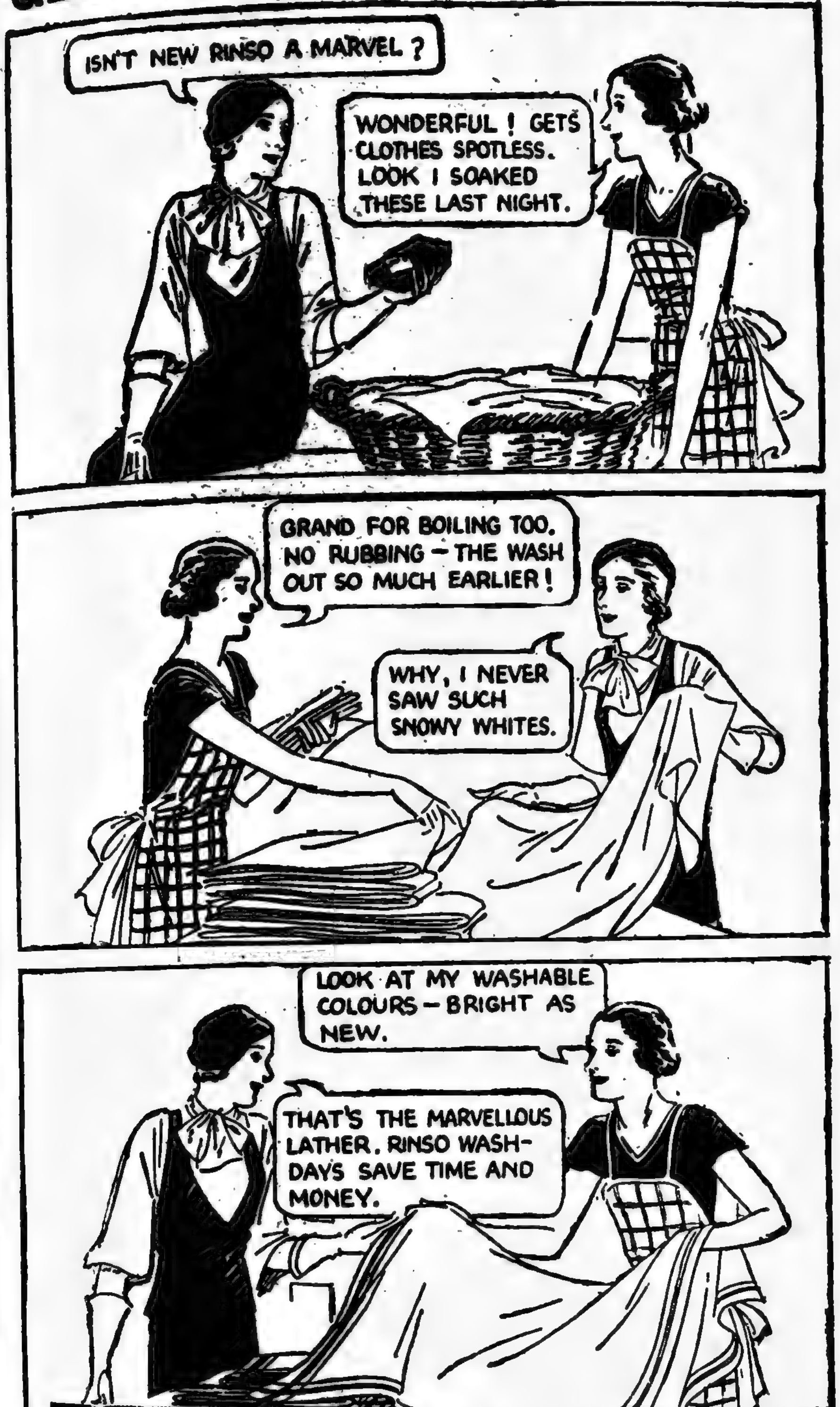
RULING OUR RULERS

What is the truth about the wives of our leading politicians? Who and what are these rulers of our rulers?

Did you know, for instance, that Mrs. Baldwin was once an enthusiastic wrestler? And do you know how greatly she has helped her husband in his stormy political career?

No? Well—you'll learn much that will interest and enthral you if you read Charles Leatherland's article, "The Rulers of Our Rulers," which appears in this week's *Passing Show*—out on Friday, April 7.

GLOOMY WASHDAYS GONE


ISN'T NEW RINSO A MARVEL ?
WONDERFUL ! GETS CLOTHES SPOTLESS. LOOK I SOAKED THESE LAST NIGHT.
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WHY, I NEVER SAW SUCH SNOWY WHITES.
LOOK AT MY WASHABLE COLOURS – BRIGHT AS NEW.
THAT'S THE MARVELLOUS LATHER. RINSO WASH-DAYS SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

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"My washing is out of the way much earlier now I'm using New Rinso. It's so easy to use — no fussy mixing but rich lasting lather at once. And *thorough* – gets clothes clean through and through. It's very economical to use, too, for a packet will do a big washing and more!" Mrs. D. Thomas, 45 Clovelly Road, Southampton.

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Last Monday *hundreds more* women living in your own town did their wash with New Rinso.

Throughout the whole country *thousands* of wise housewives have started to wash this new way. The numbers increase in leaps and bounds — because every woman who uses New Rinso tells her friends how marvellous it is — then *they* try it too.

Clothes out on the line much earlier — and so sparklingly white you are proud to see them.

You will be just as overjoyed as these other women if you wash with New Rinso. Ask your grocer or dealer for it in time for your next wash.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — best for boiling as well as for soaking and washing. At your grocers and dealers. 3½d. 6d. 10d.

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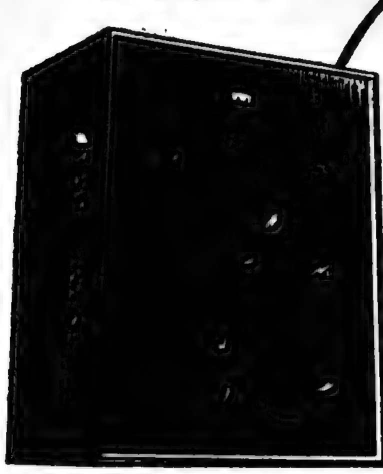

This handsome receiver brings you the fine performance associated with much more costly sets. Very selective, economical and simple to operate, its tone is a joy to hear—that exclusive Columbia feature which has never been copied. Let us tell you all about the outstanding Two Valve Battery Set in modern radio.

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Please send me fullest particulars of Columbia Model 353 and other Columbia instruments from £4 : 7 : 6 to 90 gns.

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Cut this out and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp to Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

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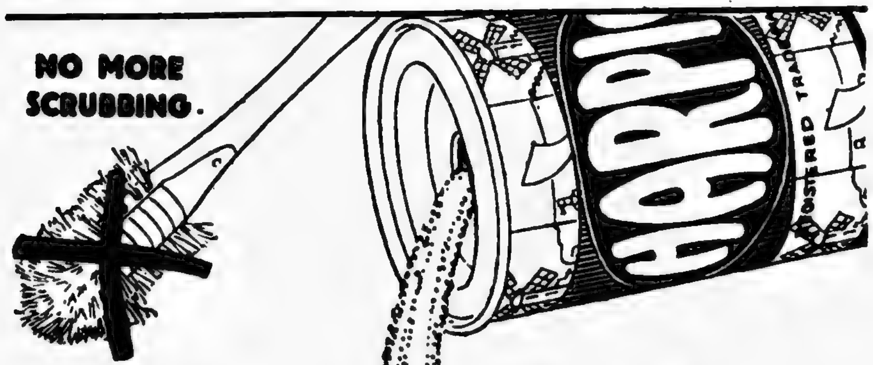
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REGISTERED TRADE

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HARPIC thoroughly cleanses the lavatory-pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus *removes the cause* of odours. Harpic destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic.

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HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

BEWARE OF LORDOSIS POSTURE!

The figure on the left is wearing incorrect corset and illustrates lordosis posture. The figure on the right shews the corrective effect of a SPENCER upon the entire figure. Note how the back line is straightened and flattened.

The curve that is most dangerous to health as well as beauty is one that women seldom realise they have. This is an incurve in the back at the waistline, called by doctors the lordosis curve, which causes the lower back and hips to look full. This not only disturbs the beauty of the backline, but also disturbs sensitive nerve centres, which condition frequently causes nervousness and backaches. SPENCER designers have made a special study of this condition so that they create a garment which will be entirely comfortable and give you a normal beautiful backline.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere. This will not place you under any obligation.

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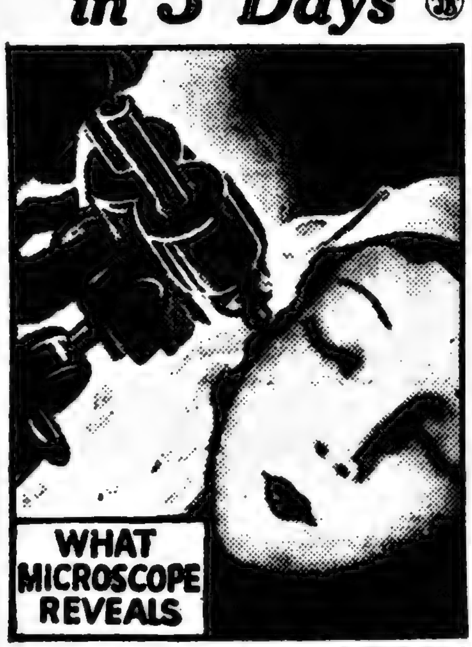
New White Skin— *in 3 Days*



Science now knows that every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation—then come blackheads, wrinkles of fatigue and coarse discoloured skin.
The new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy) dissolves pore-deep dirt and soothes irritated skin pores. Blackheads fall away. Enlarged pores are contracted. Coarse, dark skin is softened and whitened. This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It keeps the driest skin delicately moist and fresh. Takes the shine off a oily or greasy skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness — such as can be obtained in no other way.

SNATCHED from an Arctic Grave

The Venerable A. L. Fleming dressed in caribou skin clothing made for him by Eskimos when he was missioning in Baffin Island

by The Venerable A. L. FLEMING,

Archdeacon of the Arctic,

who, in this interview, describes his "Greatest Hour" in the Land of Snows. The Archdeacon recently came to England to raise £16,000 for missionary work among the Eskimos

THE Arctic! A land of ice and snow, of loneliness and silence, of rough storms and almost overwhelming hardships. A land where men must for ever wage an almost annihilating fight with Nature—where their strength is tested to the uttermost.

But a land of beauty and simplicity. A land where one comes to know the value of solitude and where beauty fills the heart with awe.

For the best part of a quarter of a century my life has been spent on behalf of the people who inhabit the icy wastes of Arctic Canada. And you ask me to tell you about my greatest hour!

Well, it happened many years ago now—on June 30, 1915. An Eskimo then saved my life, when, sledging on the ice in an open fjord, I fell through a concealed hole and was being sucked to death by the current below.

Now, if there is one danger more treacherous than all the other dangers which beset dwellers in the Arctic, it is the danger of ice just about to thaw.

Looking absolutely sound and firm on top, it can be full of holes underneath. The treacherous spot may only be a hole big enough to take a man, but if his full weight comes on the soft snow which covers it, down he goes—with very little hope of getting back again.

It is one of the misfortunes which the Eskimo regards as almost certain death, and for which he is ever on the alert.

It was precisely this calamity which befell me on the afternoon of June 30, 1915, as I was returning to my headquarters at Lake Harbour. And only the prompt action of my Eskimo companion saved me.

I HAD returned to the mission station only two or three weeks before from a trip to Foxe Channel, on the other side of Baffin Island. This had kept me away for three months.

Looking at the map, three months may seem an unconscionably long time for such a journey. But, remember, in the Arctic we have to travel by sledge drawn by dogs. We have to travel over very rough country, half the time helping the dogs by pushing the sledge over difficult patches.

And there is always the risk of getting short of dog food. Dog food is as important to us in the Arctic as petrol is to an aviator, or coal to an engine-driver. In fact, on long journeys inland your life may quite easily depend on it.

The journey to Foxe Channel had been extremely arduous, even for the Arctic, and I had got back to Lake Harbour thoroughly exhausted.

However, I had been away from the mission station for so long that I was anxious to visit the camps round about to see how my Eskimo friends had been getting on in my absence. The last camp was about fifteen miles to the south on the same fjord as Lake Harbour, and I reached it safely. It was on the return journey that the accident happened.

WE were sledging on the ice which all winter had covered the open sea. But it was now the end of June and the thaw had already set in. The ice was thoroughly "rotten," as we call it. And only those who have been to the Arctic know exactly what that means.

Let me try to explain. You have a thick layer of ice on the salt water. All winter the blizzards have blown snow on top of this, perhaps to a depth of several feet. From time to time the soft snow will freeze into a hard layer and fresh snow fall on top of that again. Under all this you have the salt water with streams of fresh water running into it from the coast.

Now, when the thaw begins, unfortunately it does not only begin from above. The snow and ice on the land melt and flow into the sea, under the ice floe at the coast.

The action of this flowing water melts the ice *from below*. And it does this by burrowing upwards through the ice in holes or in narrow channels.

The result is that before the ice has actually thawed through on the surface, it may be a regular honeycomb underneath, and woe betide the unfortunate man or dog who puts his weight on a thin patch.

We knew the ice was bad by the shimmering pools on the surface, but we hoped, by hurrying, to reach Lake Harbour before it became really dangerous. I had with me from the camp an Eskimo named Joseph Pudlo—a fine driver of dogs and a splendid comrade. There was also an Eskimo boy.

The ice was difficult and the dogs did not like it, so that our progress had been much slower than we expected. And Pudlo was anxious to get back to his camp before dark.

When we were a couple of miles from home I said I would walk on ahead, as this always encourages the dogs. If they can see footprints in the snow they will follow more quickly because a sure footing has been picked out for them.

I remember how beautiful the ice looked with its brilliant colours against the background of the snow. Thus so we went along, and by carefully choosing our path had almost reached the mission.

Just before you get to Lake Harbour the fjord narrows between two projecting headlands which act as a natural entrance to the harbour. Just at this point I had gone on some distance ahead and was actually out of sight round the headland when I struck a patch of rotten ice covered over cunningly with snow.

FOR a second I had the sickening sensation of the soft snow giving way under me, but there was nothing I could do to help myself. There was not even time to try to jump to a safer foothold, and almost as quickly as I realised what had happened I was in the icy water.

Like anyone else when in danger, the first thing I did was to make a noise. I shouted, and luckily the headlands sent my cries echoing back.

I clutched at the snow and ice which surrounded me, but every time I caught hold the ice broke beneath my weight.

There was no question of swimming. There was no room.

I felt the strong current of the stream that enters the fjord at this point, dragging me under the ice. My heavy fur clothing and sealskin boots were becoming saturated, and every minute made them a heavier burden to bear.

Luckily Pudlo heard my cries and knew what had happened. A few minutes delay and I would have been a doomed man. At once he raced to me.

IT must have been less than ten minutes before he came in sight, but to me struggling desperately and losing strength rapidly it seemed like years.

Carefully he found a solid patch of ice about twenty feet from my hole, and with a firm footing there he threw his dog whip to me like a lifeline.

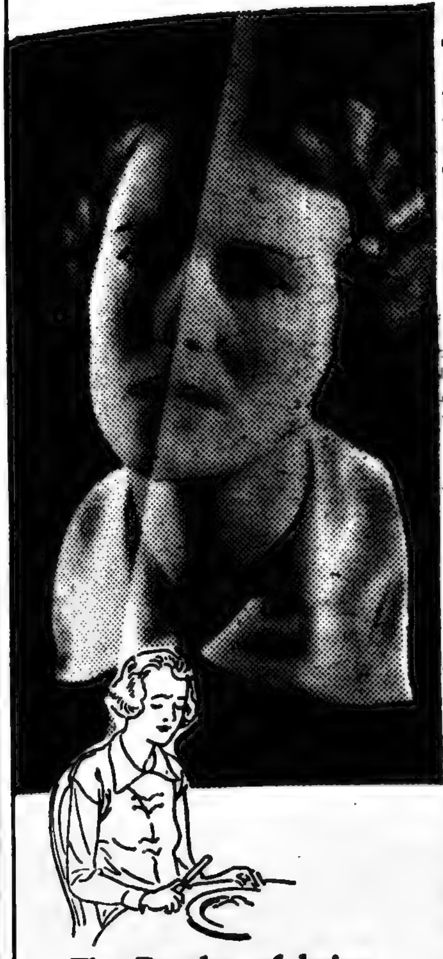
The dog whips of the Eskimo are sometimes very long. This one measured twenty-seven feet, and Pudlo was wise enough to throw the handle end, so that it would carry better. Luckily I managed to catch it and fasten it round my body. Then both he and the boy pulled with all their might and slowly dragged me out to safety.

It is impossible to describe the joy I felt when I knew I was safe again.

I cannot remember how we covered the rest of the journey, but I know that the warmth of the mission house was more than welcome.

That is the greatest hour I have known in the Arctic; but an even greater hour will be that in which I learn that we have enough funds to establish all the churches, schools, and hospitals that we need to help these simple-hearted, lovable people who dwell in the most northerly section of our great Empire.

Only Half-well



—never feeling up to your day's work —not ill enough to give in

You cannot afford 'to go sick' just because you are always feeling out-of-sorts. But why do you accept this *half*-well state as part of your lot? Why go on, and on, in ignorance of the one thing that will really put you right? All your ailments have one common cause—they are the result of sheer bodily weakness. Your *urgent* need is the wonderful new strength that Hall's Wine alone can give you.

Hall's Wine will not only make you well—it will make you "very well indeed." There is new and inspiring energy in every wineglassful. Hall's Wine contains natural iron and vitamins of the grape that make fresh and active blood for you. And its valuable medicaments restore your nerves and steadily build increased vitality.

There's nothing like Hall's Wine to pull you round—quickly. Buy a bottle to-day and you will enjoy your work and leisure, as you have never done before. Do not stay *half*-well always—get back your health and strength with Hall's Wine.

The Penalty of being only *half*-well—NERVES *that get you down.*

You must have *instant* relief when you get in that nervy *half*-well state. You want to feel that whatever you take is going to lift you up, and that is what Hall's Wine does. It works wonders in cases of Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Depression, Neuralgia, Faintness, Debility, Headaches.

Hall's Wine

quickly builds you up

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

Large bottle 5/6. Smaller size 3/3.

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3

PURE BEER

Good health, my dear!

EASILY MADE AT HOME

FOR 1D PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

FROM **VIGGORMALT**

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF

RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

NO ADULTERATION OR ADDED COLOURING

Simply add cold water **FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN**

Get your **Viggormalt** now from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-op's., Army & Navy Stores, Thornbers, Thompsons, Parkes, Martyns, & all progressive Chemists & Grocers.

State whether for ALE or for STOUT required.

TRIAL SIZE per tin 1/-

3 times the quantity per tin 2/6

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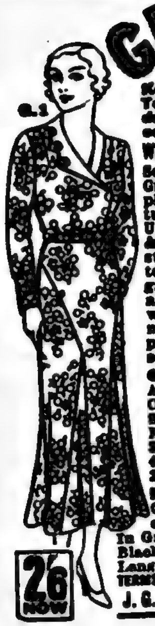
OR DIRECT, POST FREE U.K. and I.F.S. FROM

VIGGORMALT LTD. DEPT., 4X, DAVIGDOR ROAD, HOVE, SUSSEX.

GRAVES QUALITY



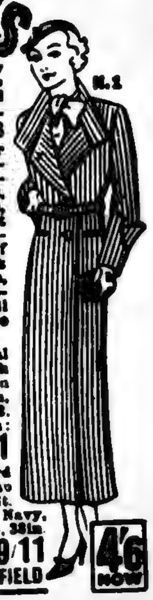
Keen Prices & Easy Terms enable you to dress smartly & well on trifling outlay.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for Graves Fashion Display, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, & a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent per return.

G.1 Handsome Floral Art Silk Dress with Crepe Suede Collar. In Saxe, Almond, Brown, Navy, Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Lengths: 42 to 48in. 2/6 MONTHLY. **14/11**

H.2 All Wool Bedford Cord Coat with strap collar & all-round belt. In Grey, Fawn, Brown, Navy, Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Lengths: 42 to 48in TERMS: 4/6 MONTHLY. **29/11**



2/6 NOW

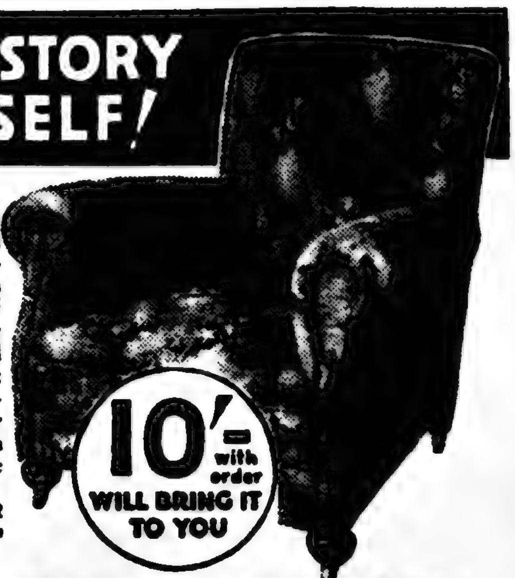
4/6 NOW

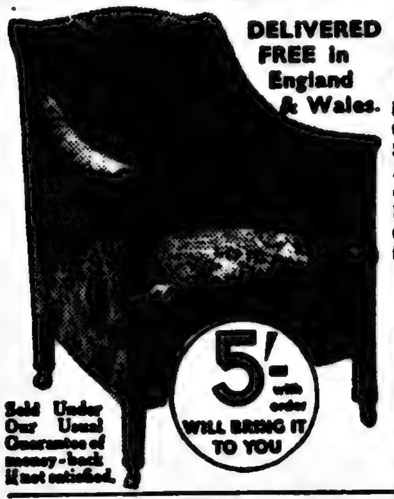
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Berkeley HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

Year after year, each Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia finds Berkeley still supreme for comfort and value—finds more and more people hurrying to install this matchless Upholstery. This year all previous records are being broken—thousands of home-lovers are flocking to the Berkeley Stand No. 32. Examination, test and comparison leave them astounded that such comfort, beauty and obvious reliability can be offered at the astoundingly low prices. It is only huge output from our factories and direct selling to the public which make possible such VALUE.

If unable to visit the Exhibition send COUPON FOR CATALOGUE AND FREE PATTERNS from which to choose your own Covering.





DELIVERED FREE in England & Wales.

Sold Under Our Usual Guarantee of money-back if not satisfied.

The *Berkeley* EASY CHAIR

incorporates every comfort feature that modern science can devise—SPRINGS SPRUNG ON SPRINGS, ALL-HAIR STUFFING with top layer of wadding, BEST BIRCH FRAME, INDESTRUCTIBLE STEEL WEB that cannot sag, and COVERINGS in the newest designs and colourings.

CASH PRICE **78/6** or £4 : 2 : 6 :— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

The *Berkeley* HOME MODEL

is a FULL SIZE EASY CHAIR. Carefully upholstered throughout; best Birch frame; long coppered-steel springs in seat and back; indestructible steel web; and covered with beautiful hard-wearing materials of your own selection, it is a real masterpiece of comfort and VALUE.

PRICE **37/6** or 5/- with order & balance 5/- monthly *No reduction for cash*

LOOSE COVERS *from* **15/-**

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)

70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1

Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, Croydon; The Parade, Watford; 149, Becontree Avenue, Chadwell Heath; 85, New St., Birmingham; *and* 27, Turner Street, Manchester.

COUPON Please send me, POST FREE, your Illustrated Catalogue of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—

1. Upholstery Coverings. 2. Loose Covers.

(Cross out Patterns NOT required.)

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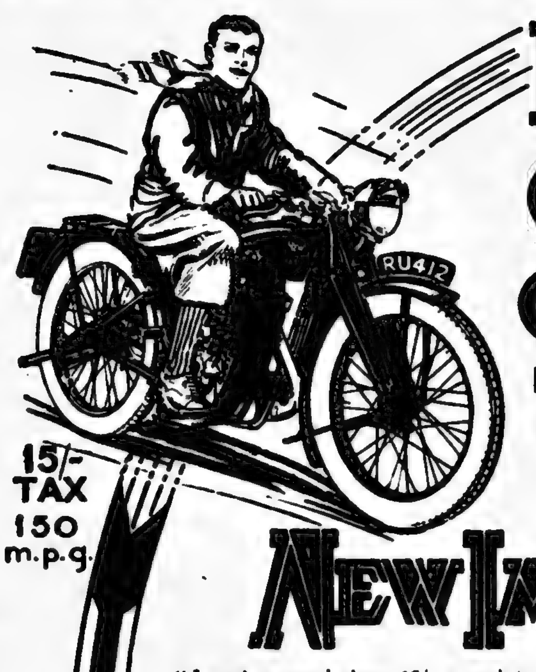
ADDRESS ________________

John Bull ....



I AM ON A GOOD THING!

15/- TAX 150 m.p.g.

NEW IMPERIAL

"I used to spend about 10/- a week in fares to and from work—a few more shillings at week-ends—and a few pounds at holiday times—all for travelling.

NOW—I go on my 'UNIT-MINOR'—100 miles for a shilling—I can get to work and back in a quarter of the time—spend my week-ends and holidays just where I like—and the most important thing is THAT I SAVE ENOUGH IN FARES TO PAY FOR THE MACHINE."

GET YOUR "NEW IMPERIAL" FOR EASTER

—there are over 600 agents throughout the country who can give immediate delivery.

"UNIT-MINOR" 150c.c. Unit Construction, Self-Lubricating Gear Drive, 4-Stroke O.H.V. 3-Speed, Lucas Electric Lighting and Horn; Dunlop Tyres; Leg Shields and Knee Pads, "all-on" ready to ride.

27 GUINEAS or 31/- monthly

The "UNIT-SUPER" 250c.c. at 32 Guineas and bigger models, are just as good.

POST COUPON

ESTAB. OVER 40 YEARS.

To
NEW IMPERIAL MOTORS LTD.,
DEPT. 11, HALL GREEN,
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Catalogue Please!

Name................................

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The Collars Smart Men Favour

Van Heusen Semi-Stiff Collars have long been accepted in those exclusively smart circles where "correct wear" is almost a fetish and they have now become an essential part of the wardrobe of well-dressed men everywhere.

They are the only collars woven to the natural curve of the neck to give perfect fit, stylish ease and comfort. Van Heusen Collars are obtainable in white and coloured designs from all leading outfitters.

VAN HEUSEN
Semi-stiff
COLLARS

Ask for Vantella Shirts to match at 9/3 and 10/6 each.

1/3 EACH

Manufacturers
KARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.
Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East,
London, S.W.1.

GASTRIC ULCERS FOR SEVEN YEARS.

"Different Man After First Bottle."

If you suffer from indigestion in any form you ought to read this letter. A formula which will relieve seven years of suffering is something you ought to know. It is an unsolicited letter from Mr. G. A....... of Tunbridge Wells:—

"Having been a sufferer from gastric ulcers for the past six or seven years, and getting no relief from anything I tried, I thought I would give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I must honestly say that from the very first bottle I felt a different man, and I can now eat anything I like without the least sign of pain; what used to be agony is pleasure, and I have only to take an occasional dose to keep my stomach in proper working order.

"I have recommended it to lots of people with good results and praise."

Remember this: Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is no quack medicine. Its formula is known to the whole medical profession and is in daily use in all the leading hospitals for all kinds of indigestion and gastric trouble with simply amazing results. You ought to try it to-day.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

GRAVES LUXURY BALE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, no cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends, 64 x 88in; pair 7½lb. Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends 60x80in. 4lb. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 4lb pr. One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt. 73 x 94in. One Bleached Damask Table Cloth. 64 x 54in. Two Pure White Pillow Cases. Size 20in x 30in. One Pure White Bolster Case to match. 20 x 60in.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service, from our Sheffield Factory. 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, 4 Tea Sp'ns. Wear white all through.

Complete Bale, with the 16-Piece Cutlery Service, Carriage Paid. Price £3

5/- NOW

5/- NOW, & 5/- MONTHLY.

Catalogues Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD.

All JEWRY ONE —for ONCE

The Jewish Board of Deputies meets in London to decide its course of action in view of Germany's hostile attitude

SIXTEEN million people spread all over the face of the earth, people of different nationalities, different political views and widely different characteristics, spoke with one voice last week.

It was the voice of Jewry—of the Jews of the world, who have rarely shown a united front in their long, long history—raised in protest against the reported persecutions in Germany of people of their race.

It expressed one of those rare tides of feeling that rise in an hour, spontaneously and dramatically, without any urging by leaders or organisations.

It was all so spontaneous, so thorough, so widespread that one wondered by what triumph of organisation it was achieved. What, in other words, was the name of the world organisation of Jews responsible for such a huge campaign, and where were its headquarters?

The answer is almost a paradox. *There is no world organisation of Jews.*

There were no cables between the Jews in England and America; the Jews in Palestine and Denmark, or anywhere else. No plan of campaign, either. No organising. No great leaders.

With one voice

It is that which makes the volume of this world-wide protest all the more remarkable.

In fact, there is only one thing that would lead the Jews of the world to speak with one voice, and that is the oppression or torture of any of their faith on a national scale.

The reason is that world organisation of the Jews is in the first place impossible and in the second place undesirable.

Take British Jews, for instance. They differ just as much as Christians politically, socially, intellectually and in every other way.

To commit British Jews of all shades of thought to some international movement would be tantamount to pledging the Anglicans, Catholics and Nonconformists of the kingdom alike to the world-wide Christian Scientist faith on the grounds that they were all Christians.

Varied ideals

This Jew has left his money to the ideal of "a national home in Palestine." That Jew has set himself just as rigorously against any such scheme. A third has tried to mix his religious beliefs and his politics. A fourth is contemptuous of anyone of his race who approaches politics from any angle other than that of a hard-pressed British taxpayer.

In fact, one of the two biggest Jewish religious communities in Britain does not recognise the Chief Rabbi as the spiritual leader of British Jews at all.

Yet another community has no sympathy with a Judaism with roots in ancient history. It doesn't want doctrines and rituals handed down through the centuries. It prescribes a 1933 Judaism, concentrating on modern problems of faith.

Then, again, how can a British Jew whose forbears have been patriotic British citizens for three hundred years have as his mouthpiece in world matters an organisation that has to represent in addition a peasant in the Ukraine?

That is why an effort that was made from America some years ago to coordinate all the Jewish organisations of the world into one vast whole was rejected at once by British Jewry. Fancy all the Jewish organisations of Great Britain living amicably under one roof, in any case.

Jews, of course, are co-religionists. But that is all.

The Union of German Jews is a religious and philanthropic body for the 600,000 Jews in Germany. It has little in common with the Jewish Congress in the United States, which is again a religious and philanthropic organisation.

No persecution

The Board of Deputies of British Jews refused to send representatives to America at the request of the American organisation. After all, what could they do together except agreeing to protest against any persecution of a man because he happens to be a Jew, which they can do just as well without meeting to discuss it?

The Zionist movement alone is world-wide. And that is in no sense a world movement of Jews generally. Growing out of the natural instinct of self-preservation in the days of the pogroms, it concentrates almost solely to-day on the work of building up a national home for the Jews.

Nor is it essentially a Jewish organisation. Many Christians are Zionists, and Lord Balfour was a famous adherent.

The other Jewish organisations belong only to the countries in which they exist. Most of them like to see their Jewish adherents absorbed into the general life of their countries, like followers of any other faith, keeping their religion intact in the process.

Jews sit in the House of Commons as Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists. They have differed as widely in the other Parliaments of the world. They no more represent the Jews than a Quaker M.P. represents the Quakers.

In every other field of thought they differ just as widely.

Not even the fact that somewhere a Jew was being maltreated as a Liberal, a Darwinian, a reactionary, a revolutionary, a Big Navyite or a pacifist would move them—as Jews.

Only when a Jew is persecuted because he is a Jew do they take notice. That alone can give Jewry a united voice.

Judaism to-day, in fact, can be defined as a religious tie that has come down through five thousand years.

Unnecessary?

"Be patriotic to your country, but defend the Jewish religion," say the vast majority of Jews in every country where they are found.

What need have such people of a world movement?

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Downs Double

THE popular Epsom double, the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, takes place this month and, as the Aga Khan has left Dastur in the "City," this race in particular will be exceptionally interesting.

Dastur's record — second in the "Guineas," Derby and St. Leger—is, I believe, unique, and I can visualise a huge crowd on the Downs to see him taking on the handicappers.

Epsom suits heavy weights, but I am not certain Dastur will give over a stone and a half to Galdennis. The latter literally slammed a useful field at Aintree and must have made wonderful improvement during the recess.

Roi de Paris, who won the Great Metropolitan last year, is to have another shot.

At one time "doubles" in the "Met." were of frequent occurrence. Tissaphernes, King's Messenger, Father Blind and Annecy each won two years running, but Roi de Paris has nearly two stone more to carry than twelve months ago, and, though he is a useful stayer, the task may be beyond him.

At the moment my idea is that the race will go to one of the hurdlers engaged, and of these I like best Priddy Hill and Eugene.

Priddy Hill struck me at Kempton Park, where he won a three-miles hurdles race, as a useful stayer.

I had an excellent tip for Bacona last week. The two-year-old was very unlucky to be pipped, but he is a sure money-spinner for the South Hatch stable.

Jot down his name in your notebooks.

At Lingfield this week-end Bon Soldat may come up in the Victoria Spring Handicap. At the final stage I suggest Galhampton, Spaniard and Dundrave.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

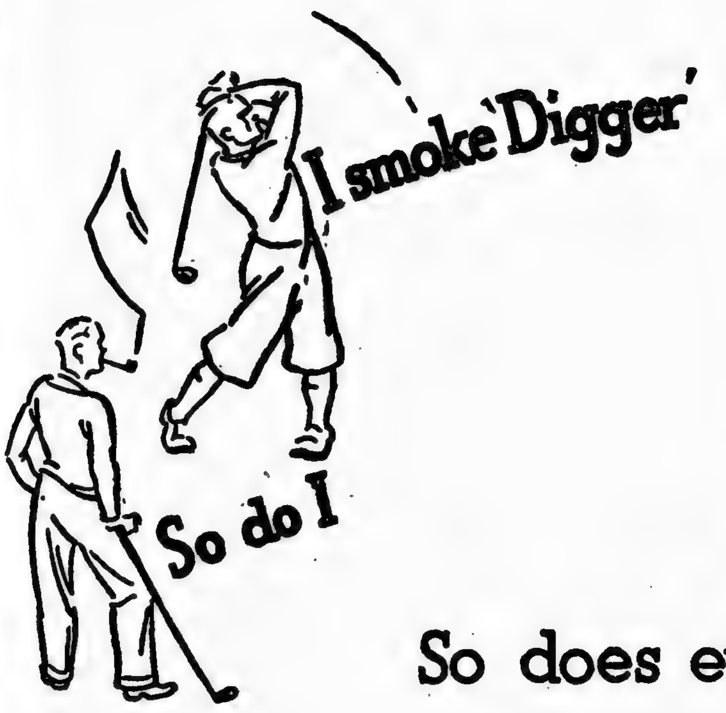
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 6, to Wednesday, April 12.

M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94
D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

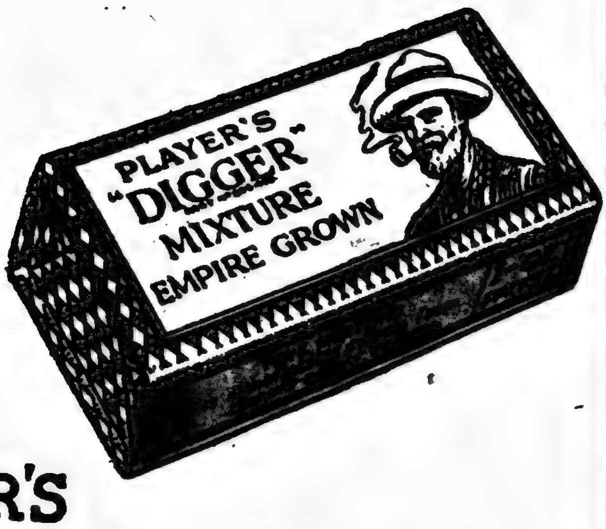


So does every

man who wants

a cool, lasting

smoke



PLAYER'S

DIGGER 8D PER OZ.

MIXTURE

P.D.14

I've saved pounds through my IDEAL CLUB-

THE IDEAL WAY

Truth in Advertising Backed by HONESTY in SERVICE

SEND FOR

JOHN NOBLE'S AMAZING NEW CATALOGUE

396 PAGES
the majority in full colour and photogravure.
BARGAINS
in Furniture, Fashions, Footwear, Bedding, Underwear, Outfitting, etc., etc.
ON EVERY PAGE

The most wonderful book of its kind ever published. Free

PUT MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

Every day more and more people are enthusiastically hurrying to organise Ideal Clubs, or joining those of their friends. For Ideal Club Organisers increase their incomes—Members find their earnings buy far more. Follow their good example. Get John Noble's stupendous new catalogue and see how much extra money YOU can earn as an Organiser—or save as a Member.

The hundreds of bargains shown in the catalogue offer values unheard of before—will make all who see them want to join the Ideal Club at once. Everything is exactly as pictured—no exaggeration, no mis-statements.

Over 60 years' reputation for honest service is your guarantee of dependability and satisfaction.

NEW ORGANISERS ARE WANTED

—previous experience not essential. Send for the catalogue to-day.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
(Established over 60 years) *(Dept. J.B.10)*
Brook St. Mills, Manchester

COUPON Please send me full details of your Ideal Club Scheme and a copy of the sensational new Bargain Catalogue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

(J.B. 10) ....

The Ideal Club Grows Because John Noble's Value and Service are unbeatable! Post in Unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.

FAT is the Mask that Hides Your Beauty

In youth, most all women are naturally endowed with beautiful figures—figures that could be retained throughout life. But because the body lacks a simple element necessary to turn food into energy, unsightly *fat* creeps over their lines, robbing them of beauty, "pep" and the magnetic attraction of slender lines.

How unnecessary! For science has found a simple way to control excess weight. That way is Marmola!

Marmola acts on the same principles that specialists use in treating cases of obesity. It supplies the element the body itself uses. Food goes into energy and vim instead of being stored as excess fat. That is why Marmola actually does take off weight—why most women usually say they feel better than they have felt in years when taking Marmola.

If you are overweight, you owe it to yourself to regain your youthful slenderness. You don't have to over-exercise or go on a starvation diet, although moderation helps, of course. All you do is take four tablets each day. And when your weight is where you want it, just stop.

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Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet, and Guarantee Form—FREE.

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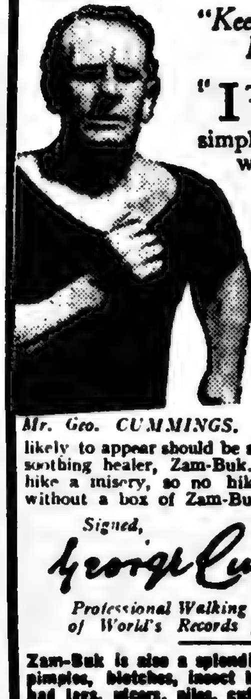

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Signed,
George Cummings

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A British Scientist has at last discovered a safe and scientific way of removing superfluous hair. Razors—which only make the hair grow faster and thicker, and all the old evil-smelling depilatory pastes are now definitely superseded. This new discovery, called Wenlo-White, is now incorporated in the New Veet, which dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots. • The hair just falls away as if by magic. New Veet is delightfully perfumed and as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. Just apply it direct from the tube and then wash it off with water—washing away the hair. Just as easy as that. No fuss, no bother, no unpleasant smell. Leaves the skin soft, white and smooth without a sign of hair; without even a shadow such as razors leave, because it removes the hair below the skin surface. Beware of imitations. Look on the label for NEW VEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6.

by an Old-Time "BOOKIE"

When RACING was a 'ROUGH-HOUSE'

An elega bookmaker o 1898 "shouts th odds" on the rai

TO-DAY, when some bookmakers can afford the best motor-cars and the general public views them through a haze of expensive cigar smoke (thanks to the efforts of the newspaper cartoonists), it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to realise that once upon a time things were very different.

In the early 'eighties, when I first began to know anything about the racing game, bookmakers were not regarded as they are to-day—as running a perfectly legitimate and respectable business—but were considered to be more or less "toughs."

True, some of the Upper Ten knew the bigger men by their first names, and would hobnob with them when it suited them—but the attitude of those who mattered was very different.

Bet with us they might; look down upon us they did; and they never bothered to mince matters, or to hide their feelings where we were concerned!

My first job was that of "runner" to a London bookmaker, and my first "pitch" the old site of Meux's Brewery, now covered by the Dominion Theatre, at the junction of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street.

There you would always find twelve to fourteen "layers" any time of the day, and often into the night, too. I had to run from the present Farringdon Street area to my "boss" there, with bets collected in and around the district—and pretty quick I had to be.

If you are one of the uninitiated you may wonder why. So I'll tell you. You see in those days there were no evening newspapers to flash the result of a race throughout the land in the space of a minute or two of its being run, nor was there any "blower" to keep the bookie wise as to happenings on the course.

In the days of which I am writing the bookie had to make his bets "blindfolded," so to speak, and that was where fast runners were of real service to him.

Once he had the majority of his bets he could calculate his "book" and decide what to lay off to show a balance.

THEY did not trouble to pay out by cheque, not they! It was no common thing for the bookies to carry with them at least a thousand pounds in golden sovereigns.

That was to pay out on "settling-day"—which was usually the morning after the race meeting.

Imagine what that would be like to-day! If you are a member of a fashionable club it is fairly certain that there will be a tape machine installed. You read the runners, then comes the "Off" . . . and in almost as short a time as it takes to write it, along comes the result.

Or, if you don't belong to a club, all you have to do is to wait for an evening newspaper. There is the result in the Stop Press column—and by the time you are reading it it is fairly certain that the very jockeys who have ridden in the race itself have not had time to get the mud from their faces!

But in the old days. . . . Oh yes, there were newspapers all right! But no one had thought of giving the results the same day. You got them the following morning in *Bell's Life*!

Of course, with bookmakers carrying so much ready money with them, they needed protection, and this usually took the form of a retired pugilist or two, armed with knuckle-dusters or thick sticks.

As time went on some bright "punter" had the idea of using homing pigeons to bring back the result of a race. I imagine that this was the beginning of an effort that has often been tried since with the telegraph as the go-between.

You probably know that there have been occasions when, by back-timing a telegram so that they actually knew the result of a race before it is despatched, people have tried to fleece a bookie or two.

Much the same thing was tried with the pigeons. If the meeting was near London, then the "punter" would get a result by pigeon-post, promptly rush round to his bookmaker, and either lay against a particular horse which he knew had not won or else support the winner!

However, that did not last long, for the bookies themselves used pigeons, and paid a bit more for them, so that they were better and faster birds.

AS I grew older, and having learned something of the game, I got a job as clerk to a bookie, and this took me to the actual meetings. At the very first one I attended I had a most amusing experience of a "welsher."

They do exist to-day, of course, but not like they used to. In the days of which I am writing, unless you betted with a man who was well known it was a hundred to one that you never saw your money if you won.

Well, on this particular occasion, my boss noticed that a bookmaker not far off was packing his traps just as the big event of the day was about to start.

"Come on, Bill!" said my employer to me. "Let Jack (he was our 'runner' and general utility man) watch our stuff—we're going to have some fun!"

There came a shout from the crowd, "They're off!" . . . and every eye was centred on the course. Every eye did I say? Well, every eye except those of the defaulting bookie, my employer, and myself.

The next thing I saw was that our quarry had picked up his easel and satchel and was legging it across country at his best pace. But both the guv'nor and I could run a bit, and the defaulter had not gone too far before we caught up with him.

"Here, not so fast!" said my boss. "What's the game? I had a three-pound bet with you, and you're not waiting for the result?"

The other glared at him in a fury.

"You never had a bet with me!" he cried.

"Oh, yes, I did!" said my boss, "and what's more, if you don't hand it over, plus the odds you laid me of 'threes,' we'll hold you here until the race is over, and the rest get on your trail."

The cornered man realised that there was no way out. He grabbed a handful of sovereigns from his satchel, counted out twelve, thrust them into my boss's hand, and then tore off again.

My guv'nor burst into a roar of laughter as he contemplated the coins in his palm, and when he had finished said, "I never had a bet with him at all!"

Nowadays, the general public are as safe on a racecourse as they are in their own back-gardens. True, you get the sharp-fingered gentry at all big meetings, but taking everything into consideration the police work wonders.

That didn't apply in my young days. For instance, can you imagine this sort of thing happening at Epsom or Newmarket? At one meeting I attended an outsider won the chief race on the programme. A certain bookmaker had lost heavily over it, but he was noted for his cuteness—some people had another word for it! At all events, when a man who had something like £200 to come appeared, the bookie told him to hold his two hands out, close together, and he would start counting into them.

When a great pile of sovereigns was mounting in the winner's palms the bookie gave a prearranged signal to two of his "toughs," and they promptly crushed the unfortunate "punter's" hat over his eyes, and, at the same time, he was pushed violently in the back, fell forward . . . and his pile of sovereigns tumbled into a sack one of the attackers held out!

By the time he could get his hat from over his eyes there was no sign of the men . . . and the bookie refused to pay out another farthing, swearing that he had already paid over the full amount when the assault took place!

Mark you, don't get the idea that it was only the poor "punter" who had a raw deal. Very often the bookmaker was victimised, too.

I hadn't been making a book very long before I discovered that it was not all "beer and skittles." After a certain race, in which I had done very well, six "toughs" rushed up to me and demanded to be paid out.

I ASKED for their tickets. They declared that they had already given them to me, and that I had asked them to wait. I knew this was a downright lie. And I told them so.

"All right," said the ringleader. "If you don't pay us we'll have you run off the course as a 'welsher'—and you know what that's like."

I was on the point of paying them their "blackmail"—for it was nothing else—when fortunately for me I espied in the crowd an old friend of mine, a former heavy-weight pugilist who often had a bet with me.

"Just a minute, Jim!" I called out to him. Then to the "toughs," who were pressing close round me, "That's a pal of mine who'll lend me some more money: haven't got enough for all of you."

They opened their "ring" to let him through. In a flash I explained the situation. . . . I have never seen such discomfited "toughs" before or since!

Before the ringleader could get his hands up he was stretched flat on his back with a lovely upper-cut: the next man went down like a ninepin to a terrific left to the jaw . . . a third stopped a postman's "knock" on the nose and took no further part in the affair.

The other three did not wait to argue . . . they were off like the wind!

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Every ounce of Bondman Rich Ruddy Virginia or the blend of finest Colonial and Virginian Tobaccos is packed with satisfaction and smoothness . . . . In Vacuum Sealed Tins for lasting freshness and delightful fragrance . . . each ounce is as good as the next.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D PER OZ.

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★FREE TRIAL *packet of Empire Blend sufficient for four pipes sent on receipt of P.C. with name and address in BLOCK capitals.*

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1oz. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons, Strand Tobacco Factory, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.)

£1,450 Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 205

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £416 13s. 4d. will be sent:—

F. McCULLOCH, 335, Denton Road, Scotswood-on-Tyne.
N. J. SHERLOCK, 27, Palmer Street, Doncaster.
H. WILLIAMS, Old Church Post Office, Pontefract, Yorks.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 18th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 49 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 0s. 10d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. [illegible].—103 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest, and payments of 19s. 6d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a Year and £500 cash and prizes for runners-up appears on Page [illegible]. Try your skill now!

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Give your skin the protection of the best and safest soap. The experience of millions, during the past fifty years, tells you that your best choice is **Cuticura Soap**. Use it regularly every day; it not only cleanses but keeps the skin in good condition, freeing it from all cause of irritation.

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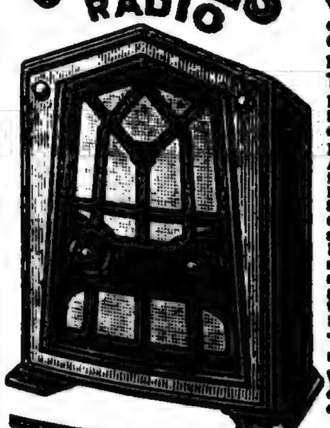

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He will be proud to sell you a Hercules, because he *knows* it is the world's best cycle. Get natural colour photography catalogue showing full range of roadsters, light roadsters and racers—from him, or write The Hercules Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham.

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THE SECRET OF GOOD DIGESTION.

Practically all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble are due to or accompanied by an abnormal condition known as acidity, which causes fermentation and the formation of gas. Correct this condition and all pain and distress instantly disappear. For this purpose the best thing known is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation and formation of gas, and permits painless normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (tablets or powder) from your chemist to-day, and take after eating or whenever pain is felt; you'll be astonished at the results—pain, distress, discomfort, and fullness all gone as if by magic. Nothing else relieves as quickly and surely as 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and for this reason sufferers from indigestion should never be without it.

HOW TO END THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA

Nerves! The horror of them! The way they make life unbearable for the sufferer and miserable for those around! And usually they go from bad to worse.

Yet there is a simple way to cure nearly all nervous troubles, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

X FALSE TEETH NEED MORE THAN A BATH

to keep them Clean and Sweet

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. A sprinkle of Kolynos Denture Powder, a brisk brush and a good rinse ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains, without damaging or weakening either gold or vulcanite plate. Of all Chemists.

FREE Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. D.P. 22), Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

"A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES."

Flush out through the kidneys the impurities which contribute to High Blood Pressure, says medical man.

If the constantly forming mineral impurities, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., are permitted to remain in the blood they are sure to deposit on walls of the arteries, which then lose their elasticity and can no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. Any shock, excitement, or quick exertion may easily affect the heart so as to prove fatal. Before it is too late, drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of an inexpensive compound put up under the registered name of 'Alkia Saltrates' (powder form). Any chemist can supply it at slight cost. This alkaline medicinal water will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities and flush the kidneys. Then notice how much better you feel. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back immediately and without a word. Try it before you decide to incur the expense of visiting some famous hot mineral spring to drink medicinal water *similar both in composition and effects.*

Roll in AG Papers and you are *sure* of satisfaction. *Fit any machine.*

ON CIRCUIT ..

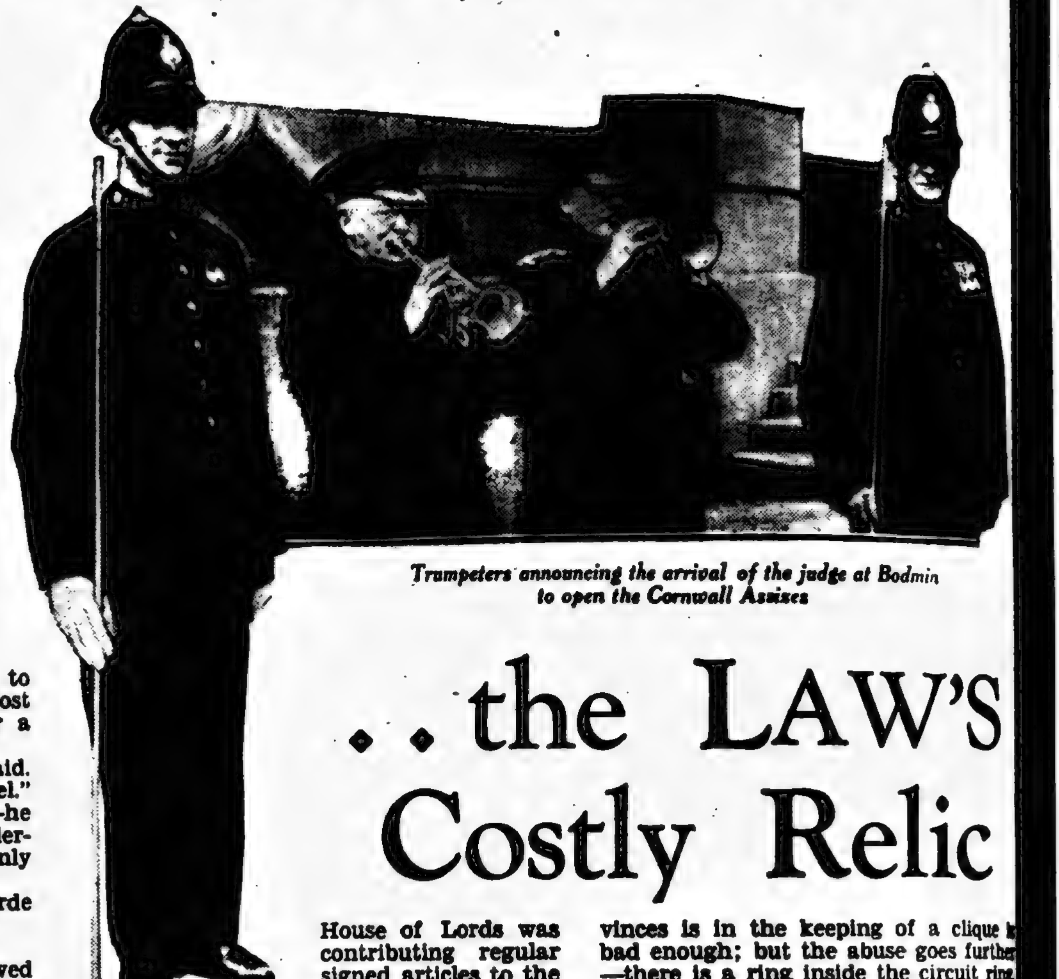
.. the LAW'S Costly Relic

by A BARRISTER

The Lord Chancellor has in the last few months done much to cheapen and to expedite the machinery of justice.

That machinery would be still further simplified and its cost diminished by the simple step of giving to every barrister the right to appear before any court in the country without extra cost or trouble either to himself or his client.

Thereby the whole of circuit life—a costly relic this country can no longer afford—would be effectively abolished.



Trumpeters announcing the arrival of the judge at Bodmin to open the Cornwall Assizes

"YOUR case will come on at the Assizes, of course," said the solicitor.

The client nodded. He was worried and fidgety, for there is no suspense worse than the knowledge that a lawsuit which will affect his whole life, to say nothing of swallowing up most of his property, is hanging over a man's head.

"I want a good counsel," he said.

"You must have a good counsel."

"I want Anthony Clanricarde—he and I are close friends—he understands the matter—he is the only ——"

"I am sorry, but Mr. Clanricarde is not on this circuit."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that he is not allowed to plead in the Assize Courts in this part of the country."

"But am I not allowed to have him?"

"If you insist on Mr. Clanricarde appearing for you it will add considerably to your bill of costs. First you will have to pay an extra £50 as a special fee to get a barrister off another circuit to practise in this part of the country. Then you must engage two counsel instead of only one."

"But I don't understand."

"It is very simple. If your case is heard in an Assize town you must be represented by a barrister on the local circuit. If you choose to have Mr. Clanricarde as well, you can do so by paying an extra £50—that is your own affair, but you must anyhow have a man on the local circuit and you must pay him two-thirds of what you pay Mr. Clanricarde. That means that the luxury of choosing your counsel will cost you 66 per cent. over and above your counsel's fee, plus an extra £50."

The client was not a rich man.

"If my case came on in London in the High Court I could have anybody I liked," he said.

"Certainly."

"And an Assize is a sitting of the High Court while it travels round the country, isn't it?"

"Precisely."

"And when the High Court is in London I can have whom I please, and when it comes down here I am limited to a small number of people from whom I have to choose?"

"That is so—and unfortunately I can really think of no one practising on this circuit who is really qualified for your rather technical case. If we were on the South-Western Circuit now . . ."

Inexplicable code

England and Wales are divided up into eight circuits, each covering the area of an Assize. Within a year from the time that he is "called" a barrister must select the one on which he intends to practise, for he may plead on only one.

As the choice is made when he is young and knows nothing about any, he very often regrets it. Moreover, the circuit is a close corporation and a jealous one. It disciplines, or tries to discipline, its members, it mulcts them heavily both in fees and fines for supposed infractions of its code, and that makes membership an expensive luxury.

But the code is so extraordinary that no one has yet managed to understand it. For instance, while a judge of the House of Lords was contributing regular signed articles to the Press, a young junior was severely reprimanded for publishing a single treatise on a religious subject (which appeared under his name and to which the editor had added some introductory lines explaining that the writer was a barrister) on the ground that he had been advertising.

One circuit demands that its members pay a £5 fine if they become engaged to be married.

Expensive living

When a barrister goes on circuit he is expected to travel round with his fellow-members, to stay at the same hotel with them, to take his meals and pass his time generally in their company. But tradition and snobbery between them dictate that the members of the circuit should stay at the best hotels, should drink the best wines and live generally at the level established in those more spacious times when life was easy and gentlemen barristers were rich.

Consequently, many men of ability are deterred from following the circuit as it goes round, and the public is deprived of their services altogether and the Assize Courts are apt to become the preserve of a ring fiercely jealous of its privileges.

The public suffers in other ways also. It is indeed an irony that the very system devised for the cheapness and convenience of their subjects by the Kings of England in the days when to travel to London was slow, dangerous and fabulously expensive (the travelling assize dates from the time of Henry II.), should in modern times have the effect of adding to the cost of justice, diminishing its efficiency and making its machinery more cumbersome.

But it has happened like that. If a barrister wants to attract work on his circuit he must follow that circuit—if he follows the circuit he must participate in its social life and live at a level that is often beyond his means. Consequently, if he is lucky and does attract work, he must, in order to recover the high cost of circuit life, pass on the cost of all his dues and fines to his client in higher fees.

The fact that advocacy in the provinces is in the keeping of a clique is bad enough; but the abuse goes further—there is a ring inside the circuit ring.

Supposing a case comes on before a Quarter Sessions within the area of any circuit. The right of pleading before those sessions is naturally confined to members of the local circuit, but it does not rest there. It is true that the luxury of employing a barrister who is not on the circuit is less expensive at Quarter Sessions than at the Assizes—it can be done for ten pounds (plus, of course, the cost of a local junior)—but anyone who thinks that he may pick and choose from the limited number of men on the local circuit will be rudely disappointed.

The right to plead before a Quarter Sessions is "restricted" by custom to those who have opened that particular sessions—in other words, to those members of the Bar who have sufficient time and money to travel up to the place where the sessions take place, and there to sit down in court and twiddle their thumbs for a day so as to acquire the privilege of appearing before that court in future should someone need their services.

Here is more trouble for the public and more expense for the young barrister. Naturally, a counsel would like to be able to plead before all the sessions on his circuit—so the cost of attending a sessions (duly passed on to future clients) is multiplied by the number of sessions in the area of the circuit.

But many barristers have neither the time nor the means to "leave their cards," so to speak, on all sessions. Result—those who come before the sessions have to be represented by one of a small group of counsel who have a monopoly of work before that Bench.

They cling zealously to their privileges, these old men—it is all they have to cling to—for their sakes the cumbersome old system is preserved.

But is it fair on the public of this country that justice should be more expensive and advocacy restricted for the sake of these few men, and is it fair on the younger members of the Bar that so many courts should be closed to them?

Can we afford it?

That the system has survived so long is the fault of that small minority whose interest it is to preserve it.

One wonders whether this country, at a time when economy and efficiency are so rigorously sought often at the expense of those least fitted to bear it, can afford a machinery of justice that is cumbersome, expensive, restricted and above all intolerably selfish in that it is preserved to serve the interests of the few.

10,750,000 MICROBES —WHAT A PIE!

An American bacteriologist has analysed a mud pie with which his young son had been playing. He wanted to make sure, you see, that the little fellow was not running any risk of disease.

Well, here is the result of his investigation:—

	No. of Germs.
Diphtheria	1,800,000
Measles	2,450,000
Smallpox	900,000
Lockjaw	3,600,000
Dysentery	900,000
Pneumonia	500,000
Tuberculosis	600,000

No wonder the average human being is liable to an occasional illness!

The menace of germs, however—great as it is—has been considerably lessened of recent years by the growing use of Milton as a household disinfectant. Absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to even the most delicate human tissues, Milton is eighty times more powerful a germicide than the ordinary 5 per cent. solution of carbolic. It is in point of fact the strongest antiseptic fluid ever marketed for domestic purposes. And in the interests of family health it should be used freely and frequently throughout every household.

A drop or two in the children's washing water will remove all danger from grubby little hands. A daily mouth-rinse will ensure protection from germ-laden atmospheres. Sores, cuts and burns are immediately sterilised by the application of a little Milton.

Milton homes are healthy homes. The book packed free with every bottle tells you exactly how to make the utmost use of Milton.

Milton costs sixpence.

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. No. 8

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

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Gulliver in his book of travels relates how the Emperor of Lilliput commanded his learned men to examine the articles taken from his pockets.

"Of the many articles found in my pockets the learned men of Lilliput showed the greatest curiosity in my tin of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. Anxious that this should not be lost to me I explained how necessary it was for keeping my shoes in good condition. I was indeed thankful when it was returned to me, together with my comb, razor, purse and silver snuff box."

Cherry Blossom BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette.

In tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

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Lovely HERMIONE BADDELEY *writes*:—"'Alluhr' is delightfully easy and pleasant to use, and although I have a particularly sensitive skin, 'Alluhr' suits it perfectly."

Hermione Baddeley

Why is Alluhr Safe?...

'Alluhr' contains a wonderful NEW element, Zapon-Oil, which no other hair remover contains. Guaranteed harmless and can be used with confidence on face and body. Many depilatories are dangerous—razors promote bristly growth, whereas 'Alluhr' retards regrowth and makes it soft and downy. 'Alluhr' ensures perfect results.

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'Alluhr' lasts up to 5 times as long as other hair removers—IT IS ODOURLESS, and so speedy that it can be applied whilst changing frocks, or at odd moments. TEST ALLUHR TO-DAY! You will be delighted with it.

TRY THIS NEW, SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR 7 DAYS FREE OF CHARGE. *Purchase 'Alluhr' from your retailer in the ordinary way, and if you are not satisfied and return the box within 7 days he will refund your money IN FULL.*

ALLUHR

1/- 1/- Size includes spatula. Larger Size (3 times as much) with special fibre brush as well as spatula, 2/6. **2/6**

From all Multiple Drug Stores and High-class Chemists and Hairdressers. If difficult to obtain locally, write to BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (Dept. 419), 13, Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Why Cadburys sell Bourn-vita at 9D PER QUARTER POUND

Because it is their traditional policy to give you the benefit of the economies which always result from large-scale production and modern labour-saving methods.

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YOU PROFIT from the fact that Cadburys have reduced costs by establishing their own farms organisation—by maintaining their own tin-making plant and printing works—by employing their great resources to buy the very best ingredients economically. While always maintaining the unrivalled quality of their products, Cadburys have organised and equipped their wonderful factory at Bournville to reduce costs in every possible way.

It is in strict pursuance of this policy that the price of Cadburys Chocolate has been reduced *four times in the last three years* while the quality has remained absolutely unchanged. It is because of this that Cadburys latest triumph BOURN-VITA (the *Better* Bedtime Beverage with the flavour which appeals to every taste) costs only 9d. per guaranteed quarter lb.

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Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

promotes refreshing sleep

COOKERY WITHOUT TEARS.
Here's good news for young housewives! The makers of Stork Margarine have just issued their new Cookery Book, from which you can learn the right way to make pastry. All the recipes are easy to follow because they are the fruit of actual experience. A free copy of the Stork Recipe Book can be obtained by writing to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales), Ltd., 167, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4. Mention "John Bull."

BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA
Breathe vapo medicated air while you sleep. This is the simple time-tried Vapo-Cresolene method of treating Influenza, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. Difficult breathing and soreness are more quickly relieved than when medicine is taken. A proved remedy of 53 years. Prevents the spread of infection. Of all Chemists.
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Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is built with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, all bright parts Chromium Plated, & full set of Accessories. Bargain Price Complete is £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Children's Cycles
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Uric acid poisoning is the one cause of all these forms of rheumatism. They can all be cured by URACE Brand Tablets, which dissolve and remove the acid. They banish pain and purify the blood.
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SPRING-TIME —the Happiest Memory it Brings Me

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

SPRING-TIME brings to me the revival of all my dormant hopes.

When I see the trees budding, the flowers opening, and hear the birds singing again, it awakens within me the sure thought that my hopes and dreams are not in vain, but will come true.

Just as the trees and flowers keep growing and reach perfection, the birds' songs sound more sweet and stronger as Spring advances, so surely, if I, too, keep on striving, I shall reach the goal I've aimed at and the fulfilment of my life's hope.—*A. Dolman, Hull.*

New Life

Spring always brings me happy thoughts, but the happiest memory I have is of the Spring when my little daughter was born.

I was living in a beautiful country district and everywhere around—in blossoming trees and fields where the tiny lambs frisked beside their mothers—the message of new life seemed to be written.

I felt at one with Nature in this magic season, knowing that soon I, too, would hold a new little life in my arms.

Early in May, my cherished dream was realised—my lovely little "May-blossom" born!—*D. S., Blackmore.*

Young Again

My happiest memory is of an elderly woman from the East End of London, gathering the lovely Spring flowers with me in a Kentish wood.

As she slowly absorbed the beauty and peacefulness of her surroundings, childhood's happy memories seemed to return and the lines of care and worry softened on her face, making it appear almost young again.

After a cosy tea at a wayside inn, she left for home, her arms filled with flowers and her eyes shining with the light of a new hope, ready to take up her burden again with a cheerful heart.—*S. L. C., Folkestone.*

Engaged

It was Spring-time and we two were alone. It was our day, or, shall I say, "his" day. I knew he had in his pocket something to adorn the third finger of my left hand.

He opened the little case, and shyly slipped the ring on to my finger. Its colour vied with the golden crocuses at our feet. We were engaged.

It is a happy memory in that it has brought many happy ones since.—*R. B., Anerley.*

Child's Paradise

Spring will ever bring back a slum child's visit to Fairyland—the day I first saw a field, a brook, a wood, walked on grass without fear of instant execution, picked flowers, gentle growing things that made me think of fairies.

I climbed trees. I nearly caught a fish; and then, wonder of glorious wonders, I found a bird's nest. It held three eggs. I touched them gently, reverently.

Each Spring, in memory of that day, one child at least shall live it again, for me.—*H. Franks, Sussex.*

Good Tuck

Every Good Friday, my memory goes back to the time when as children we went "primrosing."

Regularly every year on that day, a little band of school-fellows and myself were up early, worrying our mothers to pack our dinners, consisting of hard-boiled eggs, cheese, etc., the things that taste so good when eaten in the open air.

Then, armed with baskets, off we would go to the woods, and no more was seen of us until eventide, when we arrived back with our treasures, tired but happy.—*"Primrose," Ashford.*

Joy!

I was a small boy, and dad was assisting mum with the Spring-cleaning.

Oh! the joy of seeing him put his foot in a bucket of whitewash; the ecstasy of beholding him enveloped in a length of pasted wallpaper; throbs of sympathy when he knelt on the business end of a tack, and banged his thumb with the "crimson" hammer; and a final explosion of mirth when mum accidentally overturned his "liquid refreshment."

I then ran for it.—*"Kipper," Portchester.*

Blue Heaven

I see myself, a little child, with my sisters, wee baskets clutched in our hands. We climb the stile with eager feet, and race one another for the little white spots in the grass—the first daisies.

The wind kisses our cheeks and the sun caresses us as we gather the tiny blossoms. A lark on the wing adds its song of praise, filling the air with a beautiful melody, and over all is the blue expanse of heaven.

How vividly I recall those happiest of days.—*D. F. B., Northants.*

Not Forgotten

Confined to my bed for many weeks, I have watched from my window wintry days give place to Spring.

To-day the sun is shining brilliantly, the sky is blue, and the buds on the trees are bursting into green.

Inside my room, all around me, is evidence of Spring; a bower of beautiful flowers brought by sympathetic friends. Emblems of Spring; but, more than that, tokens of love and friendship.

I shall never see Spring flowers again without remembering this Spring and how I have been cheered and encouraged.—*E. C., Scarborough.*

Another View

I live in a Thames-side slum. The sunshine of early Spring makes my heart yearn for the countryside of my native Kent.

I feel an overwhelming desire to inhale the delicate scent of the hedge-rows; to wander through aisles of beech-woods; to hear the rustling of the pine trees; to linger awhile in the little wayside inns where I would hear the old homely gossip of the hamlets.

From my bedroom window I can now view the Arsenal walls and a dozen factory chimneys.—*"Phil Garlick," Plumstead.*

Home Best

My happiest memory is of when I returned from my first trip abroad. We had just completed two and a half years away and were anxiously looking forward to our return.

We arrived back in Spring. How I enjoyed myself in those few weeks. It was wonderful to see good old English faces and to hear our language spoken everywhere.

To see the wonderful countryside again: the scenery that cannot be surpassed anywhere—how good it was to be back home once more, and to realise that one is British.—*"Breezy," Portsmouth.*

* * *

In a wood in Somerset, where I pay a visit every year in early Spring, there is an old oak tree on which my name and the name of a girl were carved with a penknife, and where we vowed eternal love.—*R. D. W., Bristol.*

Now I can look out on my small flower-garden, with its tiny buds, opening gradually as each ray of sunshine smiles on them. All commonplace enough to most people, but to me it is nothing short of being heavenly.—*Flower Lover, Epsom.*

A camping holiday at Easter with about twenty Scouts, in beautiful country, is my most happy memory. Friendships never to be forgotten were made, and it was then that the need of good fellowship and the helpfulness of a smile impressed themselves on my memory for ever.—*Alfred D. Young, London.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first-post on Tuesday, April 11.

The Everyday Hero I Know

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for April 8

Our Expert has done it again! On March 25 every one of his six coded selections was correctly forecast.

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Middlesbrough v. ARSENAL.
(2) PORTSMOUTH v. Blackburn.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Birmingham.
(4) Huddersfield v. Wednesday.
(5) BOLTON v. Everton.
*(6) VILLA v. Manchester City.
(7) Chelsea v. Leeds.
(8) LEICESTER v. Derby.
(9) Liverpool v. Blackpool.
*(10) NEWCASTLE v. Sunderland.
(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. W. B. Albion.

SECOND DIVISION.
**(1) TOTTENHAM v. Bradford C.
(2) MANCHESTER U. v. Chesterfield.
(3) STOKE CITY v. Fulham.
(4) BRADFORD v. Southampton.
(5) Burnley v. Millwall.
(6) Charlton v. WEST HAM.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Swansea.
*(8) FOREST v. Lincoln.
(9) Oldham v. Notts County.
(10) PLYMOUTH v. Bury.
*(11) PRESTON v. Port Vale.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) GILLINGHAM v. Northampton.
(2) Southend v. Swindon.
**(3) NORWICH v. Torquay.
(4) Reading v. Brentford.
(5) WATFORD v. Bristol C.
**(6) ALDERSHOT v. Newport.
(7) Brighton v. EXETER.
(8) BRISTOL R. v. Luton.
(9) CARDIFF v. Coventry.
(10) C. PALACE v. Orient.
(11) Q. P. RANGERS v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.
(1) Barrow v. Hull City.
(2) N. BRIGHTON v. Darlington.
(3) Rotherham v. GATESHEAD.
(4) Accrington v. Stockport.
(5) YORK CITY v. Hartlepools.
(6) Carlisle v. Barnsley.
**(7) CHESTER v. Doncaster.
(8) CREWE v. Halifax.
*(9) MANSFIELD v. Walsall.
(10) Rochdale v. TRANMERE.
(11) SOUTHPORT v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Cowdenbeath v. Partick.
**(2) RANGERS v. Falkirk.
(3) St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen.
(4) AIRDRIE v. E. Stirling.
(5) AYR UNITED v. Dundee.
(6) HAMILTON v. Queen's Park.
**(7) HEARTS v. Clyde.
(8) Morton v. KILMARNOCK.
*(9) MOTHERWELL v. St. Mirren.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section 7 (*A*); Northern Section 7 (*H*); Scottish League 2 (*H*) would indicate Newcastle, Tottenham, Exeter, Chester and Rangers.

NO SOAP

SHAVEX

NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

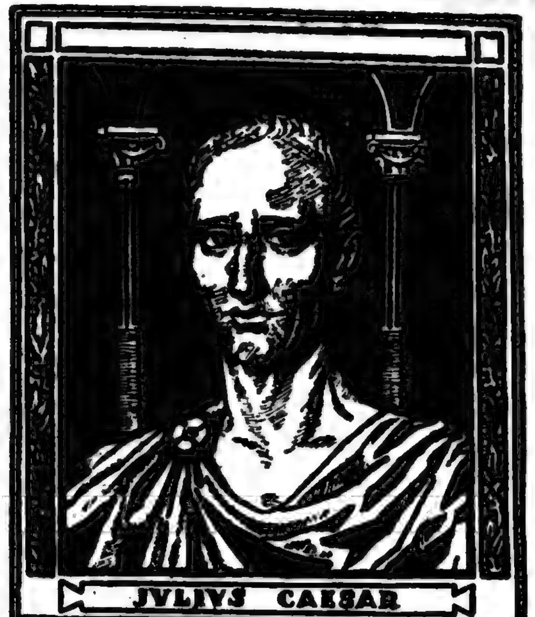
Mr. ROBERT LORAINE, the great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."

Mr. LESLIE HENSON, the famous actor, writes: "I use 'Shavex' every time I shave and think it is the quickest, cleanest and most delightful preparation ever invented for shaving."

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving.

What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest, and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.



Great men have all been vain of their appearance. We have traced all these men back to thousands of years and all have been clean shaven. Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest, used vegetable oils for shaving, the same as we use in Shavex. All the old Romans used vegetable oils; records of this are in the British Museum. Fancy a great general with a ragged moustache and beard or a rough red skin in command of a great army. A man's skin should be smooth, refined and without blemish. Shavex will keep the skin in this condition and take away all wrinkles.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formation of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush.

Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in the sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex,' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave, and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R/11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished. And Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA. "I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

SCALP IRRITATION. Zee-Kol thinned with any oil and rubbed well into the scalp removes Dandruff and irritation.

ABSCESSES. Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS. This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

BURNS. Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC. Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS. "I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC. Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

ALMOND OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb. **Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.**

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
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LUCRETIA BORGIA.

"Glorious Lucretia, I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink, and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter, musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful not by my subtle poisons but by the finding of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil, giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

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£10 BETWEE RUNNER -UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

WIN AN EXTRA £5

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £5 will be added to any prize you win in Crossword No. 208, provided that by Thursday, April 13, you have registered as a reader of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Entrants registered for "Bullets" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. ....crossed "& Co." and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

NAME ....

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POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

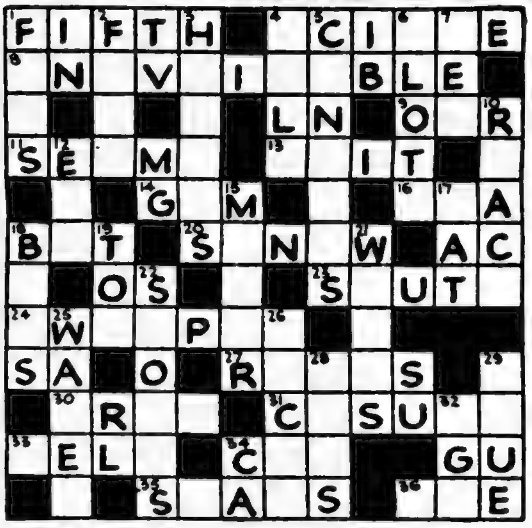
A Life Pension of £100 a Year and a fine cheque for £500 can both be yours for solving the interesting Crossword below. If you prefer one lump sum, your huge reward will be £1,250 cash.

Amongst those entrants who just miss the chief prize in this contest, the splendid sum of £200 will be divided as announced—and every prize-winner in this competition who is a registered reader of our new free weekly *Crossword Gazette* will receive an additional bonus of £5.

Register for a 12 weeks' supply of the *Crossword Gazette* with the coupon provided on this page.

AND UNLIMITED £5 BONUSES.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 208—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 13.



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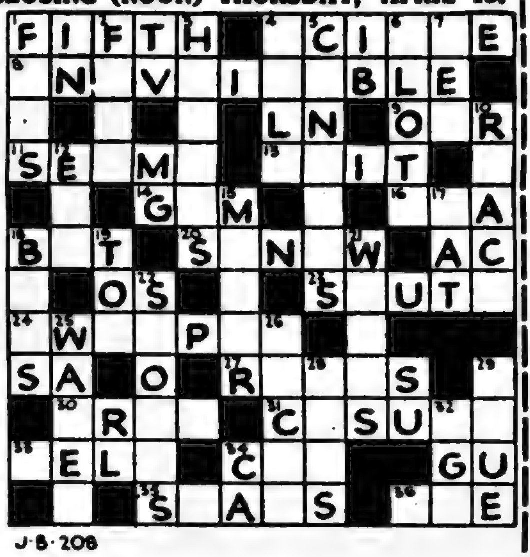

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In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value......No..........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

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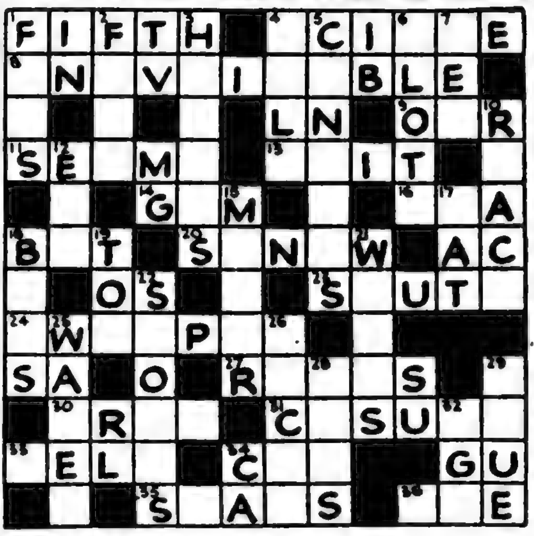

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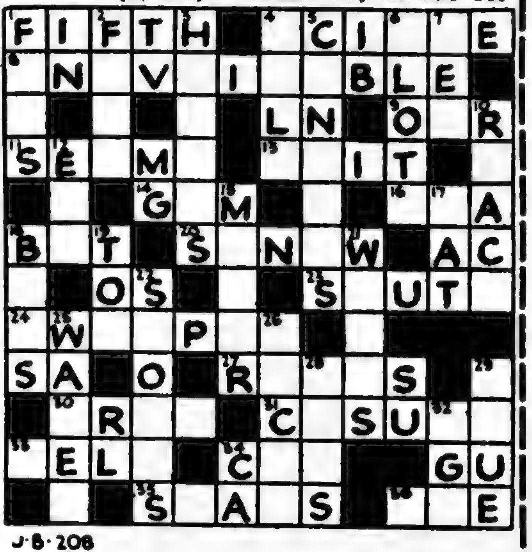

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London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

N.B. If preferred, give above details on plain paper.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 20, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 27, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Comes after fourth
4. Hanging piece of ice
8. Not preventable
9. Boatman rows boat with this
11. Appears
13. What journalists do
14. Precious stone
16. Surrounds an island
18. Make a wager
20. A tendon
23. Warm breezes blow from
24. "Exchanged" in schoolboy language
27. You find them by the stream
30. Helps you keep on your feet
31. Off-handed
33. Where wrong-doers go, if justice is done
34. A motor
35. Going from side to side
36. What War brings us face to face with

CLUES DOWN

1. Woman appreciates about her
2. Is sometimes pinched in hard times
3. Are usually condemned when old
4. Hands should not be
5. Are made of boiled substance
6. Coagulated lumps
7. A meadow
10. Found in a river
12. Used to attract man cleverly
15. Man who's not satisfied with his money
17. Chew
18. His voice is most powerful
19. Also
21. Weather makes us use hard ones
22. Victor's booty
25. Reason dad's usually hard up
26. Rot away
28. Donkeys have long ones
29. A solution
32. Time past

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 13, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 27, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 9, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

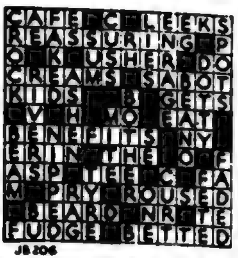
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.



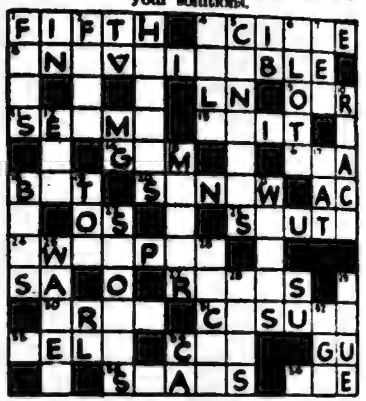
JB 206

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 206

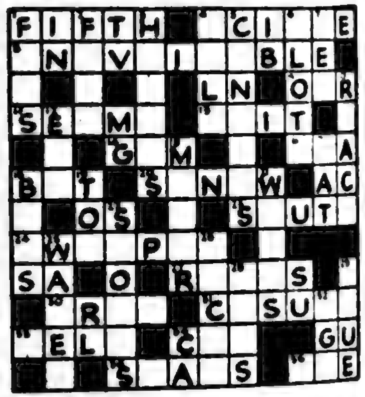
Winners in 205 on page 35. Result of 206 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 206 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J·B·208



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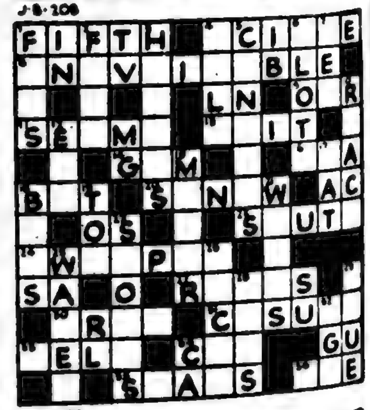

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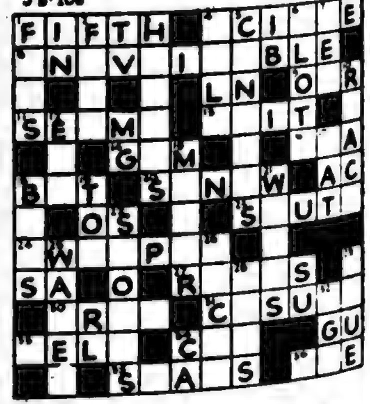


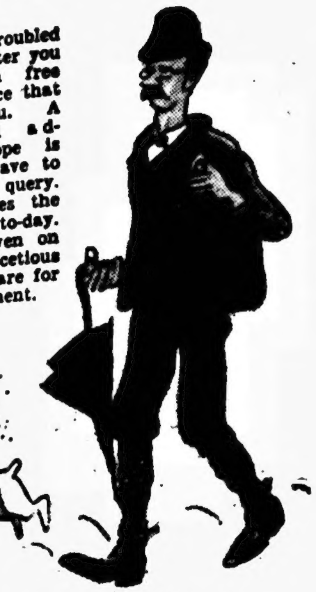
J·B·208

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

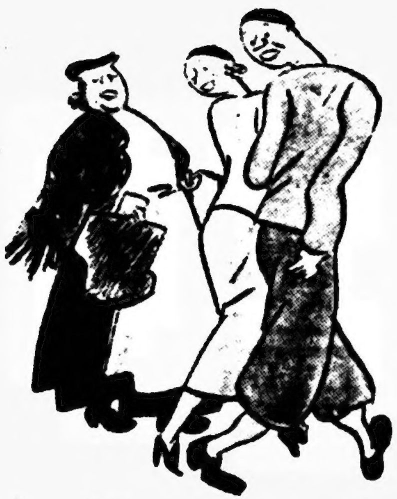
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between shared Newsagents.

The EDITOR Laughs LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



C.O.D. (Barnsley).—"I have a suit which I bought twenty years ago, and cannot wear out." . . .



. . . Why? Do passers-by laugh at the funny cut?

F. D. (Stepney).—"I may not have a summer holiday this year." We may not have a summer.

R. G. (Portobello).—"What do you need when sowing grass seeds on a bare lawn?" Faith.

P. M. (Neasden).—"A maid brightens up the house." Especially if she is in the habit of leaving the lights on.

F. D. (Oundle).—"The present sometimes makes up for the past." Especially if you give it to her after the quarrel.

C. P. (Birmingham).—"The tailor absolutely refused to give me credit." He'd evidently taken your measure.

MISS KATE (Dundee).—"When I passed him without speaking, I heard him sigh." With relief?

C. E. (Manchester).—"In spite of all pessimism we are really on the fringe of prosperity." For most of us the fringe is the ragged edge.

H. P. (Vauxhall).—"On my wireless set two programmes come through one on top of the other and each drowns the other." What an ideal state of affairs.

P. O. L. (Hartlepool).—"I have just bought a second-hand car and find it a rattling good bargain." Yes, we've heard other second-hand cars like that.

H. J. L. (Burnley).—"My husband practises on the euphonium from morning till night." He certainly seems to be wrapped up in his instrument.

A. M. N. (Ince).—"President Roosevelt is certainly making things hum." Well, he wants to see the U.S.A. a hive of industry again.

T. P. (Carshalton).—"One's neighbour in Australia often lives as much as fifty miles away." In that country when a man buys a lawn-mower it practically becomes his own property.

N. P. (Exmouth).—"I have made up my mind not to marry unless I can find a girl who is absolutely perfect in every way." Well, you're booked for a single existence.

E. W. (Angmering).—"The old-fashioned brokers' man has gone, never to return." Congratulations!

S. E. D. (Flixton).—"My mother always said I would make good." Make good what?

L. K. S. (Colwyn).—"I am sending you a poem entitled 'An Apology to Spring.'" And you now owe us one for sending it.

P. G. T. (Wigan).—"I have a plan in my mind which I fear, however, is unsound!" What, your mind?

P. L. K. (Ilford).—"I know an artist who copies pictures and sells them as his own." Artful fellow.

T. W. (Romford).—"What would you give me to write you a good article?" Several years' training.

S. T. (Acton).—"Most women motorists never stop to think." You mean never think to stop.

T. L. (Southend).—"Some owners are scrupulously careful about their cars." Others let their wives drive them.

G. M. (Durham).—"I tell my wife everything." How cruel! The poor woman has nothing to find out.

H. J. (Dalkeith).—"Bald-headed men are most popular with women just now." There are many shining examples of this, we've noticed.

DOCTOR (Matlock).—"The average man wastes a lot of valuable breath." Especially when he's trying to convince his wife that his room doesn't need spring-cleaning.

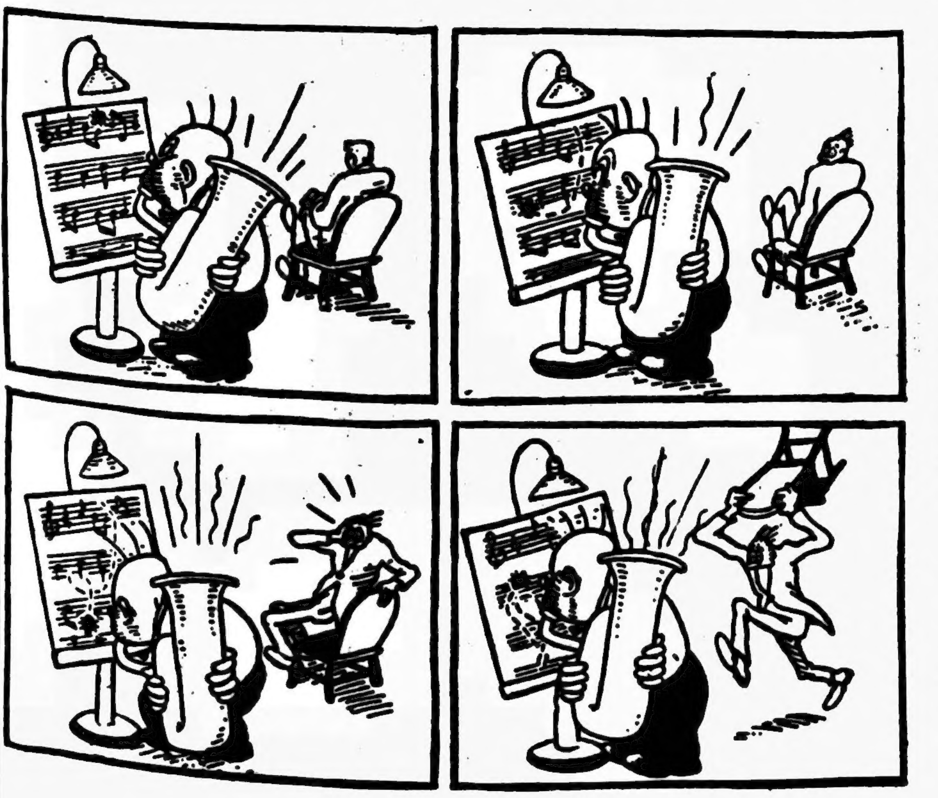
O. P. (Doncaster).—"I have just bought a second-hand car for £5, and am planning some delightful tours in the wilds of England this summer." Walking tours?

N. D. (New York).—"An American policeman on holiday captured four gunmen." Apparently to fight the gangster menace all America needs is bigger and longer holidays for her policemen.

H. MACN. (Glasgow).—"I rose to my feet, shouting loudly, and was immediately thrown out of the hall." Had you suddenly remembered that there might be a silver collection?

ADAMSON

Plays the Fly



H. M. C. (Edinburgh).—"I learned by my folly." You must know a great deal.

L. M. (Elstree).—"What is the biggest fish story on record?" Jonah's.

D. S. (Oxford).—"I have never known complete silence." Obviously you are not a telephone subscriber.

M. L. (Callington).—"Marlene Dietrich's trousers have started a rage in America." Among dressmakers?

FATHER (Dumfries).—"Immediately a baby is born, bills commence to pour in." The stork is followed by the wolf.

SAILOR (St. Ives).—"When do you think I saw a horse last?" When you backed it.

W. N. (Gamlingay).—"Where are the women now who believe in miracles?" In beauty-parlours.

J. B. (Esher).—"Will you think of me at Easter?" Why should we? It's a holiday!

S. E. (St. Columb).—"When is the average man most likely to get lumbago?" Directly his wife notices the garden wants digging.

N. G. B. (Anglesea).—"When I was at school my master said I was the cleverest boy he had ever met." We wonder what he would say now.

MRS. B. (Darlington).—"I really can't lie abed on a sunny Spring morning." Neither can we, but we wouldn't mind the chance.

TAM (Aberdeen).—"Some City corporations make £10,000 a year from rubbish." It's enough to make our playwrights green with envy.

MRS. J. (North Berwick).—"My husband doesn't care what he gets out of the garden." So long as he gets out of the work!

R. G. D. (Hanley).—"I always lie awake for an hour after going to bed, and this gets on my nerves. Can you suggest a remedy?" Yes, go to bed an hour later.

T. H. M. (Devonport).—"I still use my radio I bought ten years ago." We'll bet the neighbours howl, too. Why not use the next ten minutes to win £5 and a 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone with a coupon on page 43?

READER (Lewes).—"Even in my hiking kit I can always find room for a suitable book." Of course, a railway timetable doesn't take up much space.

MANAGER (Piccadilly).—"It is difficult to understand what the theatregoer really does want nowadays." His money back, very often.

R. K. (Euston).—"All Hollywood stars have had their salaries cut." Several actresses have resolved that until times are better they will make their current husbands do.

P. A. L. (Norwich).—"Sixty years ago I was a lad of fifteen and the smartest scholar in my school. I am now eighty-one and as clever as ever." But your arithmetic seems a bit rocky.

L. M. (York).—"I have been on two polar expeditions and have always kept cool in the face of danger." It should be fairly easy to keep cool on a polar expedition.

F. D. (Leeds).—"I have invented a leather strap which when attached to a parcel carrier prevents it from being snatched by thieves." But won't husbands object to being put on a lead?

G. A. (Montrose).—"A sole in an American aquarium is said to be worth £100." Judging by what we paid for a portion in a West End hotel the other day, it is by no means unique.

A. B. (Brechin).—"An Hungarian chess-player has been in a trance for six months." We understand that more than three weeks passed before his friends realised that he was not thinking out his next move.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

GRAVES SUPREME VALUE IN FURS

3/- NOW

Grey Opossum Slip-through Cravat-scarf, as illustrated, length 36ins. Made from selected skins in a soft, silky fur of exquisite appearance & durable quality. Beautifully lined with plain Art. Silk Crepe to tone. Price 29/11, or 3/- monthly. (Also in Black, if desired). No charge for Easy Terms. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Ties, Wraps, &c. Keen Prices, Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Are YOU lucky in love?

Have you that essential something that makes men want to know you? Many a girl is missing wonderful chances of love and happiness every day, says a noted woman writer, because she does not know certain simple facts.

The one thing that attracts a man first is a fresh, natural looking complexion. There are two things that will put him off right from the start. He hates a girl with a shiny nose. He likes to see her freshly powdered, but above all things he detests a girl who is always dabbing on powder and lipstick.

The solution, thanks to the progress of science, is simple. Poudre Tokalon, because it is scientifically blended with Mousse of Cream, stays on all day. Prevents the least trace of shine, even when out in wind and rain. A long evening's dancing in the hottest ballroom cannot impair the beauty of the perfect complexion it imparts. If you would be lucky in love get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day and test the result for yourself. If you are not delighted with the marvellous complexion it instantly gives, return the box to your dealer and your money will be refunded in full. Introductory size 6d. Regular size 1/- (2½ times as much).

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Body 30in long

5/- now

Moulded Coach-built body of exclusive design, softly upholstered, loose seats, coil springs, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 80/- or 5/- monthly. Approval allowed for trial. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars Post Free. Keenest Prices. Easy Terms.

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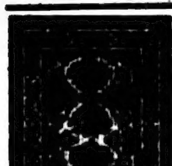
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED.
Proprietors of "John Bull"



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Rugs. Cork Lino. and Congoleum Squares, etc., in loveliest artistic patterns and colour harmonies, direct from Graves Warehouses at money-saving prices. Delivered Carriage Paid for a small deposit with order. Balance in monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated catalogue post free, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.

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HEALTH
BEGINS AT HOME

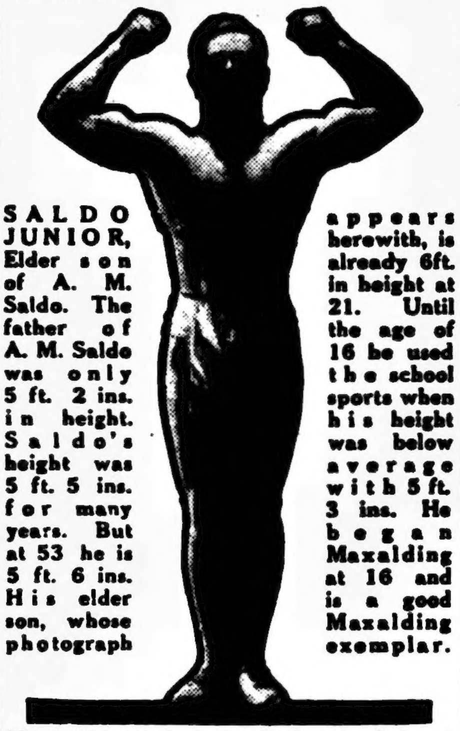
Can you doubt that you alone possess the power to gain and retain your health? But this gift of Nature is only accorded to those who live according to her laws.

MAXALDING

is the sum total of all that is known of scientific Health Culture, and has reached its 24th year. It enables the organically sound person of any age to gain and retain functional perfection of all organs generally, and respiration, digestion, assimilation, and elimination particularly. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials testify to this. Its wonderful effect on the physique is shown in my elder son, who demonstrated at my lectures for the New Health Society.

A TYPICAL TESTIMONIAL
(submitted to "J.B.")

from a Lady who began Maxalding in Jan., 1933, with the object of overcoming Constipation and Hæmorrhoids. This lady was unable to secure a bowel-action except with laxatives, although using suitable diet and leading an active life. She reported on March 11th, 1933:—
"I am pleased to say that I have had no relapse, nor have I needed an aperient of any sort. This I consider a very successful result, all the more so since during this time I have had a good deal of worry, travelling, etc. Another thing I should like to mention is that, though I usually get a couple of bad colds each winter, I have not had a vestige of one this year."



SALDO JUNIOR, Elder son of A. M. Saldo. The father of A. M. Saldo was only 5 ft. 2 ins. in height. Saldo's height was 5 ft. 5 ins. for many years. But at 53 he is 5 ft. 6 ins. His elder son, whose photograph appears herewith, is already 6ft. in height at 21. Until the age of 16 he used the school sports when his height was below average with 5 ft. 3 ins. He began Maxalding at 16 and is a good Maxalding exemplar.

COURTLANDT SALDO, Age 21, Height 6 ft., Clerk and Student, of sedentary occupation.

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HERE IS A BRIEF SYNOPSIS:—
How Maxalding was discovered and evolved. THE IMPORTANCE OF PERIODICAL MEDICAL EXAMINATION. EXERCISE & NATURAL FOODS v. DRUGS. CONTROL OF THE ABDOMEN. DIETETICS. RESPIRATION (2,500 words have been devoted to this function and to the prevention of colds, "flu" and other dangerous respiratory disorders). CONSTIPATION. INDIGESTION (its 5 forms). OBESITY hereditary and acquired. SUPPLENESS. CAUSE OF HEADACHES. MUSCLE-CONTROL v. MECHANICAL EXERCISE. NERVE-STARVATION (Neurasthenia) ENDURANCE. SPEED & PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

This treatise is published at 1/- nett, but one copy will be sent free to any applicant, together with a cheerful letter of advice. Apply by letter or coupon from any part of the world.

FREE COUPON (Value 1/-)

Please send me free of cost or obligation a copy of your treatise and your free advice on my case. I desire the eradication of:—
(Please delete unnecessary items.)
1. Constipation, Indigestion, Neurasthenia, Lung-Weakness, Cold-catching, Impaired Circulation, Physical Weakness, Obesity, Lack of Concentration and Self-confidence.
or ....
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2. I DESIRE RESISTANCE TO COLD-CATCHING.
3. I DESIRE TO SECURE SPEED AND ENDURANCE.
4. I DESIRE A SPLENDID PHYSIQUE.
Name ....
Address ....
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Age .... *Occupation* ....
2d. Stamp for Postage Appreciated.

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NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS & INDIGESTION

Mrs. LACY, 9, Belvoir Street, Mapperley, Nottingham, writes: "I have been very ill with a Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis on the Nerves of the Stomach and Indigestion, and am pleased to say that after persevering with Vitadatio, I am a very different person."

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Same quality as our man's 'Flight' model with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, bright parts Chromium Plated, and set of Accessories. Bargain Price is £3:17:6. No charge for instalments. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Children's Cycles
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After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

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If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

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We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD
5/- NOW

WOMAN JUS BEATS MECHANIC

She pulled out a plum

A CASUAL visit to her landlady's kitchen has just brought a Wallasey woman a four-figure fortune and a yearly cheque for life!

It all resulted from the pie which the landlady's daughter was making—and out of it a plum of £1,000 and £20 each Easter for life was pulled by this latest woman to head the *Bullets* prize-list, Mrs. Clayton, 7, Vaughan Road, Wallasey.

That pie impressed her—and she thought of the girl who was making it. She recalled how splendidly this young wife had stood by her husband through the troubles which unemployment had brought.

"That's a fine girl," she thought. "She'll make him anything."

Suddenly, as she glanced through the list of *Examples* for Competition No. 885, she spotted exactly the one to express her thought in a *Bullet*. And that is how we came to receive Mrs. Clayton's ingenious and homely *Bullet*, THE RIGHT GIRL—WILL "MAKE HIM ANYTHING."

The winner also has had more than her fair share of troubles. For years she has struggled with ill-health, and the family resources have been drained by operation after operation.

She would never have won it, she tells us, but for her husband's suggestion when he brought home a copy of JOHN BULL one evening.

"Why not try this *Bullets* Competition?" was his advice. "It may take your mind off things."

She then started to study the style of winning lines and secured a supply of *Bullets Bulletin* to learn the old ideas to be avoided. And at last came her rewa —a telegraph boy with a thrilling messag from JOHN BULL.

"I lay awake all night," she told *Bullets* representative, "thinking of tho I shall now be able to help—and of th glorious Easter holiday we can now enjo every year at JOHN BULL's expense. I' worked hard for this success and it mea a lot to us."

Now he can enjo the "extras" he' longed for

To a mere man, but an equally kee "Bulleteer," went the honour of secon place in our 885th prize-list and £100 cas

It is four years now since Mr. T. W Allum, 69, Lorrimore Street, London, S.E first tried his hand at *Bullets*. Three o four minor cash awards had shown th mechanic that he was turning out goo *Bullets*, but not quite good enough.

Now for his amusin *Bullet*, ON EDGE—FATH IN WEDDING GROUP, h has captured a thre figure cheque which i going to help him tre mendously.

"I am naturall elated," says Mr. Allu "for although I am i full-time employmen the money will provid the many extras needed

A few words on coupon from the oppo site page and *Bullet* may provide for you extra needs.

YOU'LL WELCOME THIS BUDGET!

"I find *Bullets Bulletin* particularly useful in teaching one what to avoid," says Mrs. Clayton, the woman "Bulleteer" whose First Prize success is recorded above.

Scores of other First Prize-winners owe their success entirely to the free weekly aid of this bright budget of *Bullets* advice and encouragement, now greatly enlarged to give assistance with our Crossword contest and *Passing Show's* amusing *Couplets* competition.

Secure a 12 weeks' supply by posting off to-night the coupon on the opposite page!

OVER £1,200 AWARDED — COMPETITION No. 886.

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 CASH AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END.

Mr. CECIL WARREN, Wynscote, Wilburton, Ely, Cambs.
Example:—QUARRELLING WITH LIFE
Bullet:—USELESS—"TAKE A BLOW"!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. Graham, 53, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Example. Attacking His Work
Bullet:—Half-heartedly—Home Was "Battlefield"
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. V. Meik, 90, Fellows Road, London, N.W.
Example:—Britain's Strength
Bullet:—Steady "John"—Fluttering "Jack."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

G. T. BIDDLE, "Orchardside," 84, Inwood Road, Hounslow.
What The Doctor Ordered—I Echoed—"Get Away!"

T. E. BIDDLE, 30, West Street, Leamore, Bloxwich.
Britain's Strength—To-morrow—Three Meals To-day.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

J. BURGE, 16, Turret Terrace, Well Hall, London, S.E.
Magic Of Spring—Bus Conductor's "Inside Only!"

H. G. GAY 20, Glenburn Road, Two Mile Hill, Kingswood, Bristol.
Lucky Jim—Holds "Ticket" Marked "Workman's."

J. GREENLEES, 23, Edwin Street, Pallion, Sunderland.
Ups and Downs — "*Downs*" Take "Getting Over."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

C. HARESNAPE, 32, Lintmill Cotts., Neilston, Renfrewshire.
What The Doctor Ordered—Father—Dustman "Takes Regularly."

W. McNALLY, "Glenview," Glenluce, Wigtownshire.
I May Say—"Rather Dear!" *That* Way.

Mrs. W. A. NORMAN 44, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Coming Out On Top—Britain—"Pressed Every Side."

L. RICHARDSON, 76, Elm Grove, Brighton.
"Rubbish!" — Often Deadens Youthful "Fire."

R. T. ROBERTS, "Clwydian Cottage," Val Street, Denbigh, N. Wales.
Magic Of Spring—More Life "About Us."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. E. BRACEY, 4, Wellfield Avenue, Neath.
Quarrelling With Life—Baby Can't Read Toe'

W. L. BRADLEY, 2, Hillington Road, Edgel Stockport.
"Rubbish!"—Said Editor—And Landlady.

Mrs. F. COWELL, 69, College Drive, Man chester.
Coming Out On Top — Taxpayer's Fals Hair Soon!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. ROBERTS-DAVIES, 30, The Colleg Bromley, Kent.
Clutching Hand—Nowadays, The Mechanical Scoop

Miss A HORROCKS, 15, High Street, Shaw Lancs.
What The Doctor Ordered—Nothing—That Cured Him!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. E. JENKINS, 8, Pantbach Avenue, Birchgrove Cardiff.
What The Doctor Ordered—Water—Father Tries Spoonful.

W. H. JOHNSON, 235, Brocksford Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Breathing Fire — Agitator — Luckily Rain Started.

T. E. MARTLEW, 134, Sandown Road Knock Belfast
Crack In The Ceiling—Village Tenor Proudly Autographed.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

P. MIEL, 607, London Road Derby. Fo "Rubbish!" — Mother's "Broom Scandal.

L. C. PARRISH, 328, High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex.
"Rubbish!"—Says Grandpa, Hearing Some*thing*.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11 MAY 33

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

OPEN "BULLETS" RADIO GRAMOPHONE MONTH

£500

10,547 OTHER PRIZES
£50 - £40 - 10 OF £2·10
25 PRIZES OF £1 - 500 PRIZES OF 2/6
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGETS' AND

10 2-IN-1 PRIZES OF £5 CASH AND 27 GUINEA "PYE" ALL-MAINS RADIO GRAMOPHONE
BATTERY RADIO PLUS £10 CASH IF PREFERRED

THIS WEEK ONLY

ONE WEEK TO WIN THESE BIG PRIZES!

WITHIN the past few weeks John Bull has brought the boon of a Radio Receiver to over 130 homes. But to-day a still bolder plan is announced—*Bullets* Radio Gramophone Month!

Headed by a bumper First Prize of £500, with other substantial cheques to follow, this opening one-week offer will bring to each £5 winner an additional award of a magnificent 27-Guinea "Pye" All-electric Radio Gramophone, worthy of any millionaire's home.

To make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples*, noting down the various rough ideas which they bring to your mind.

Go over these carefully, shaping them into well-phrased comments of TWO, THREE or FOUR words closely linked to the selected *Example*. Suppose you were working on the *Example* Brighter Days, you might add the words When *Clocking* On Too, and so complete a typical *Bullet*.

As a further guide, study carefully the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page. Then go ahead with confidence, and make sure that your entry is in the post not later than Easter Saturday, April 15.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

SHOCK FOR THE EXPLORER
HOLY MATRIMONY
ANGRY CUSTOMER
MESS AND MUDDLE
REGARDLESS OF DANGER
SHE'S THE BOSS, SO
MADE HIM THINK TWICE
WINNING HIS SPURS
RETURNING REVELLER
SACKING THE COOK
TAXPAYERS' PRIVILEGE.
BREATH OF ROMANCE
IN LIFE'S SPRING-TIME
NEVER BEEN KISSED
MOVING WITH THE TIMES
WHEN BABS GROWS UP
BRITAIN AWAITS
BRIGHTER DAYS
NEW NAPOLEON
MARCHING ON
NOW WE KNOW
A BIT TOO THICK
RUNNING AMOK
USING HER EYES
PROMPTLY
TRAPPED
FEARSOME BEAST
HER LOT
INTO THE BLUE
HE'S TRYING, BUT
STEADY HAND
POOR PEOPLE

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 889 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 chosen by the First Prize-winner in No. 885 will be displayed in the window of Mr. L. H. Keogh, 168, Sea Bank Road, Wallasey, Ches.

NEW FREE 3-IN-1 HELP WAITING FOR YOU!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's Complete Comics* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette.*

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 39, Bedford Street, London, W.C.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(889) Closing SAT., April 15
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(889) Closing SAT., April 15
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(889) Closing SAT., April 15
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(889) Closing SAT., April 15
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 889, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEXT WEEK

SECOND HUGE OFFER OF RADIO GRAMOPHONE MONTH

Are You Losing YOUR HAIR?

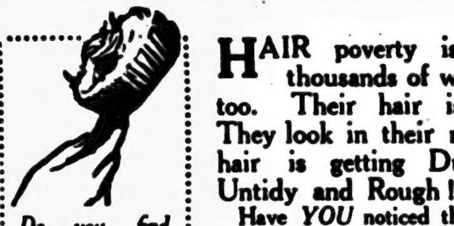
FREE "Harlene" Hair Health Offer!

Is it Dull, Thin, Weak, Lifeless, Falling Out?

If your Hair is like this Make it like this

Be Admired for your Beautiful Hair. Start using "Harlene" TO-DAY!

Free "HARLENE" Gifts To Restore Hair Health



Do you find loose hairs clinging to your brush? The hair roots need "HARLENE"

HAIR poverty is to-day threatening thousands of women—yes, and men, too. Their hair is daily falling out. They look in their mirrors and see their hair is getting Dull, Skimpy-looking, Untidy and Rough!

Have *YOU* noticed this? If so, do not delay an instant—or one morning you may awake to the dreadful realisation that you are GOING BALD!! You MUST start to revive your hair health with "HARLENE" immediately. Begin to re-beautify and re-strengthen it FREE by sending the Coupon AT ONCE for special Test Samples of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Preparations.

Does your hair come out on your comb?—Stop this with "HARLENE"

1 "HARLENE" HAIR GROWER

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

TO BALD MEN!

Baldness, thinning at the temples, etc., make you look old and careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your Scalp for two minutes a day. The difference will amaze you.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. All chemists, 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle.

POPULAR SIZE 7½d.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

Produces that rare Ash-Blonde effect and imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' for Grey Hair

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years standing. A real colour-*restorative*. Why look old? Use Astol and look years younger. 3/- & 5/- per bottle.

POPULAR SIZE 1/9.

Whatever is wrong with your hair there is a "Harlene" Preparation to combat it. Why suffer Hair Poverty and Hair Loss—why allow your looks to be ruined? Send for your 3 Free Samples TO-DAY!

NOTE.—Should any of our Products fail to give entire satisfaction, the price will be refunded within one month of purchase under our Guarantee.

SAMPLE COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. ***State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to sheet bearing your name and address.***

EDWARDS HARLENE, Ltd. (H. 933), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

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